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SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1935.



THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN DISPUTE: MILITARY ACTIVITY IN ADDIS ABABA—UNIFORMED BUT BAREFOOTED SOLDIERS, SEATED ON BOXES OF AMMUNITION (RECENTLY IMPORTED), WAITING TO START FOR THEIR BASE.

The tension between Italy and Abyssinia was increased when it became known that a large quantity of arms and ammunition had recently arrived at Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital; and Italy has sent further forces to her East African territories where the border clashes occurred. Meanwhile efforts have been continued to effect a settlement by arbitration, and both disputants have nominated members of a Conciliation Commission. It was feared, however, that disagreement

might result, as Italy wished to confine the investigation to the Walwal incident, while Abyssinia desired it to cover the general frontier question and interpretation of the Italo-Ethiopian Treaty. Meanwhile the Emperor Haile Silassie has declared that "such modern arms as we possess are only for defensive measures, and obviously inadequate for aggressive purposes." Further photographs illustrating the importation of rifles and munitions into Abyssinia appear on page 921.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE longer I live the more I am convinced that humanity fails through Pharisaism; or men boasting of washing themselves when they are only whitewashing themselves. It is already antiquated to talk about the Higher Criticism. But there is such a thing as the Highest Criticism; and it is self-criticism. What the sinner resents is not the accusation of sin, but the accuser's assumption of sinlessness. It would be a good thing if everyone at school were taught, in school debating-clubs or school-magazines, to avoid, above all things, the argument which asserts that he is the best arguer, which is quite distinct from his having the best of the argument. He should aim at asserting his proposition without asserting his personality. For his personality may be quite unpleasing; and it may be a helpful and healthy thing to remind him gently of the fact. I could take a thousand things as examples of the sort of thing I mean. I will take one at random out of a rather remote past; because it does happen to define rather sharply the point.

needlessly infuriated the feminists, and even the females (who are a totally different race), because it carried an impression of quite comic complacency in the males. The healthy hearty males certainly had all the appearance of saying, "We judge men and women alike by just and well-balanced abstract principles; but women cannot be trusted not to follow their merely sentimental tastes and fancies." I do not think the hearty males meant this; indeed, I do not think the hearty males meant anything. But it did produce that false impression; which probably contributed considerably to their defeat. And it was a false impression that could have been quite easily avoided, by the simple process of reversing the element of personality; or, in other words, the element of pride. If I had been commissioned to conduct that argument, I should have been very careful to state it in this form: "Do not mix the two sexes in politics; because sex is so much stronger and more important than politics. Poor little politics will be trampled under foot by men and women

I have deliberately taken an example from a dead controversy, in the common political sense, because I do not want the point involved in any current politics. What is dead is at least detached; and what I am urging is detachment. It is, above all, that difficult and essential ideal for a man, detachment from himself. If there was indeed any argument arising out of the attraction of both sexes, it was an argument that cut both ways. But the human being often shrinks from any argument that cuts both ways, because he does not want to be cut. It is none the less essential for anyone trying to find the truth about anything to realise that truth is a two-edged sword. We have had far too much of the unilateral view of everything; the unilateral view of empire; the unilateral view of liberty; the unilateral view even of unity. But the essence of the evil is that men resent more than the loss of liberty the tyrant's retention of liberty; more than the destruction of their own unity the fact that the tyrant professes to unite. And in the modern



THE VINTNERS' SWAN BANQUET: FOUR PRINCES ENTERTAINED AT A CITY DINNER MARKED BY AGE-OLD CEREMONIAL.

On May 15 four Princes of the House of Windsor—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent—were entertained by the Master (Major-General the Earl of Athlone) and Wardens of the Vintners' Company in their Hall in Upper Thames Street, E.C. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was also to have been a guest of honour, was prevented by illness from attending. The banquet commemorated the occasion when in 1363 Sir Henry Picard, as Master of the Guild, entertained five Kings. During the dinner the ancient "Ceremony of the Cygnets"

was observed in the same way as in 1363, when roast cygnets were borne on high and presented to the Master. In our photograph are seen (left to right, seated at the far side of the table) Mr. J. A. Lyons, the Duke of Kent, Mr. J. S. Cotman (Swan Warden), the Duke of York, Mr. R. Husey Cunningham (Upper Warden), the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Athlone (Master), the Lord Mayor, Mr. Spencer J. Mabey (Renter Warden), and the Duke of Gloucester. The royal toast was honoured in the form of "H.M. the King, Seigneur of the Swans."

I happen to have just read some Memoirs full of memories of the victorious violence of the Suffragettes. Long before the war, there was a very violent controversy about whether women should have votes. Nobody nowadays thinks it particularly important whether anybody has votes. But while the conflict was raging, I remember that one very common argument, against Female Suffrage was that women voters would be affected by romantic or sentimental considerations in the selection of a candidate. This was both false and true, in the ordinary manner of such sweeping statements about mixed humanity. It might well be true, indeed it probably was true, that some women would prefer a well-bred or even a well-dressed gentleman, with certain personal qualities, to a shabby and unshaven lump who might be uttering the purest principles of political economy. On the other hand, it was very sensibly answered, by some on the Suffragette side, that there are a great many women who do not choose their butcher or their banker or even their butler entirely by his looks; and that they might possibly show a similar sane detachment in the matter of their Member of Parliament. All that argument may be left to hang fairly evenly; especially as the balance has been struck long ago, without any very visible effect on anything. But the reason I mention this particular controversy, out of a hundred such controversies, is this. Even at the time, when I knew much less of this most amusing world than I do now, it struck me at once that this argument

alike. If you allow women to be voters, you cannot logically refuse to allow them to be candidates. Now I, for one, admit that I might easily be led a dance by any lady whose appearance attracted me; and I think most men, if they are honest men, would admit the same. Men are rather more sentimental than women; and in asking that the poor male voter may be protected from feminine fascinations, I am in the true tradition of all the literature and experience of mankind. For surely the ordinary voter, in his political action, cannot be offended by being supposed to be subject to the influence by which Antony lost Actium and the empire of the world; by which Nelson broke his word at Naples and left the only stain upon his shining name; by which Parnell lost the leadership which might have led all his people into liberty."

The argument itself is not now important; I fear I feel that it was never very important. But the difference between the argument as I have stated it, and the argument as it was almost always stated, is an enormous difference both in practice and theory. In practice, the argument as stated turned half the ladies into lunatics, and highly successful lunatics; that is, in practice it defeated its own practical end. And in theory, this arose from the simple fact that no healthy human being likes self-satisfaction in one sex or the other; and the first form of the argument implied that men were themselves satisfied with their own conduct of public affairs. How they managed it, I have no idea.

world, where everybody talks about education, I do most seriously suggest some such educational exercise. Let every man who is praising any proposition go carefully through his script, and cut out anything which appears to be praising the proposer of the proposition. It is that stink of self-praise that has spoilt nine-tenths of the proposals at various times propounded to mankind. The mob does not mind the demagogue denouncing a thousand things which the world tolerates. The mob is magnanimous; the mob has often shown that it does not mind if he denounces the mob. The exact moment at which the mob, with unerring instinct, begins to throw bricks and dead cats, is the moment when it has realised that there is one mortal out of our mortal mob whom the speaker does not denounce. When he has proved triumphantly that he himself is sinless, stainless, completely cleared of all the foul slanders that his fiendish opponents have flung at him, a triumphant vindicator of his character, a pure and perfect servant of the people—that is the moment at which he is killed. Anyhow, that is the moment at which he ought to be killed.

I do not suppose that my effort at educational reform will have much effect. I have little hope that exercises in confession before controversy will be a part of the curriculum of our more advanced colleges. But I am sure that, if it were accepted, even educated people could be educated.

A RECORD CONSIGNMENT OF MUNITIONS TO ABYSSINIA; AND ITS TRANSPORT TO THE BASE BY PORTERAGE.



THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA ARRIVES TO INSPECT PERSONALLY AN UNPRECEDENTED SHIPMENT OF MUNITIONS RECEIVED AT ADDIS ABABA, AND BID FAREWELL TO TROOPS AND PORTERS: THE SCENE BESIDE HIS CAR.



MILITARY ACTIVITY IN ABYSSINIA AND THE ALLEGED MOBILISATION NEAR THE ITALIAN BORDER: A TYPICAL GROUP OF VOLUNTEER TROOPS, WITH AMMUNITION BOXES, BEFORE STARTING FOR THEIR BASE.



CARRYING MUNITIONS ON A LONG TREK OF 250 MILES TOWARDS THE FRONTIER OF ITALIAN TERRITORY: ABYSSINIAN PORTERS, OLD AND YOUNG, PLODDING THROUGH EUCALYPTUS WOODS.



"MEMBERS OF THE BIGGEST 'HUMAN CARAVAN' OF MUNITIONS EVER SEEN IN ABYSSINIA": TWO ETHIOPIAN SOLDIERS, CARRYING MUNITION BOXES ON THEIR HEADS, GOING BAREFOOT OVER ROUGH STONES.



MEMBERS OF THE ABYSSINIAN GOVERNMENT STANDING ON A PILE OF AMMUNITION BOXES: THE ACTING WAR MINISTER (RIGHT) AND THE STATE SECRETARY OF THE WAR MINISTRY WATCHING THE ARRIVAL OF MUNITIONS.

As noted on our front page, the Italo-Abyssinian situation has been intensified of late by the news that Abyssinia was arming. It has also been reported that troops were being mobilised near the borders of Italian Somaliland. The above photographs, taken on April 8, reached us with the following note by the photographer, who, of course, witnessed the incidents described: "On that day 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 20,000 rifles and 400 machine-guns of the latest type arrived in the capital city of Addis Ababa by Ethiopia's lone railroad from the seaport of Djibouti. The long train journey, three days and two nights,

represented only the beginning of the transport problem involved, for porters had to carry the heavy cases of munitions on their backs to the border munition stations—a four weeks' trip through heat of more than 110 degrees Centigrade. The trek of these porters amounted to about 250 miles. . . . The shipment of munitions—the largest that ever arrived in Ethiopia—was received personally by the Emperor, Haile Selassie I., and officials of the Government, amid enthusiastic scenes." Signor Mussolini, it may be recalled, spoke recently of "notable Abyssinian armaments" and "advanced preparations for an Abyssinian mobilisation."

CAVE ART OF SOME 30,000 YEARS AGO: A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN SPAIN.



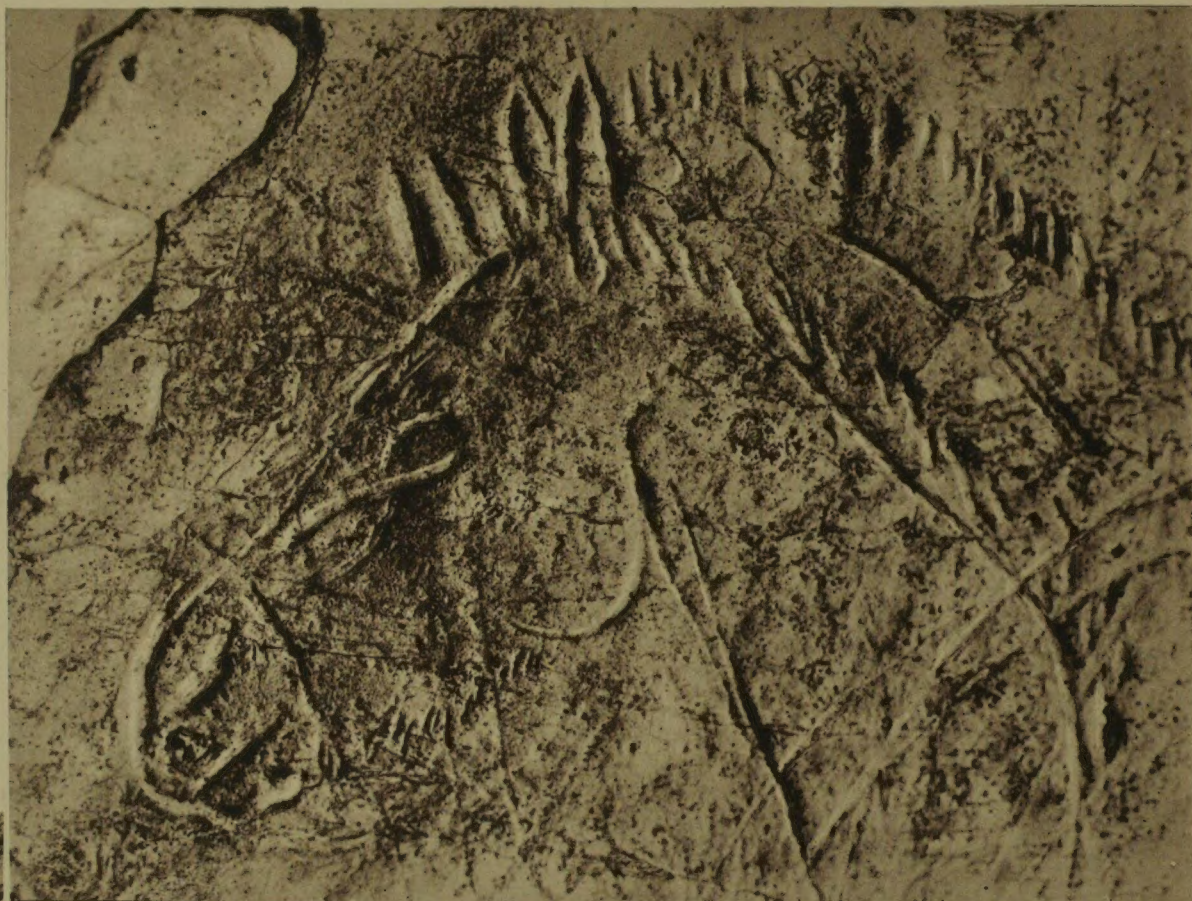
A FELINE FIGURE IN SEMI-RELIEF (3 FT. 9 IN. LONG): WORK ATTRIBUTED BY THE DISCOVERER, SENOR CABRÉ, TO THE SOLUTREAN CULTURE, THE LATEST ARTISTIC PERIOD OF THE LOS CASARES CAVE.



A WOOLLY RHINOCEROS (*RHINOCEROS TICHORHINUS*), ONE OF THE FAUNA OF GLACIAL TIMES, INCISED IN THE LOS CASARES CAVE 166 YARDS FROM THE ENTRANCE: AN AURIGNACIAN FIGURE (1 FT. 3 IN. LONG) ABOVE WHICH ARE DRAWN SEVERAL STAGS (NOT SHOWN HERE).

A MOST interesting and valuable addition to our knowledge of Palæolithic cave art is provided by the recent discoveries of Don Juan Cabré Aguiló, Director of the Cerralbo Museum, in Madrid, who took the photographs reproduced here and on the opposite page. Señor Cabré is one of the leading authorities in Spain on Palæolithic and Iberian art. His own account is as follows: "Numerous cave drawings and a number of cave paintings were revealed by my investigation, in June and August 1934, of the caves of Los Casares and La Hoz, at Riba de Saelices, and Santa Maria del Espino, in the Province of Guadalajara, in the interior of Spain. A great many anthropomorphic figures were found—we see them in a fishing scene, the first of its kind yet known [70 yards from the entrance of the Los Casares cave]. Among the extinct or other animals represented are the *rhinoceros tichorhinus*, the bison, the aurochs, the glutton, possibly a mammoth, and a feline (in semi-relief). Horses (of two distinct types), deer and goats are remarkably frequent. The drawings are incised. Two incomplete figures of a horse and a goat, and some tectiform signs, are painted in red and black. Some of the animal figures are almost life-size. At the La Hoz cave, while the drawings are situated in an elevated gallery, the paintings are mostly under a pool formed by a stream flowing through part of the cave. In the Los Casares cave, 282 yards deep, the first drawings are encountered 70 yards, and the last 184 yards, from the entrance. The number and high quality of the drawings suggest that the intermediate space, which is covered by two natural cupolas,

[Continued below.]



A MAGNIFICENT HORSE'S HEAD (TWO FEET LONG) INCISED IN THE LOS CASARES CAVE NEAR THE FISHING SCENE: UPPER AURIGNACIAN OR SOLUTREAN WORK, OF THE SAME STYLE AS THE HORSES OF HORNOS DE LA PEÑA, IN SANTANDER, AND OF COMBARELLES.



A GLUTTON, OR WOLVERENE, INCISED IN THE LOS CASARES CAVE NEXT TO THE FELINE FIGURE AND BENEATH A LIFE-SIZE AUROCHS: AURIGNACIAN WORK; 1 FT. 6 IN. LONG.



AN ANTHROPOMORPHIC FIGURE SWIMMING (ONE FOOT LONG): PART OF THE EXTREMELY INTERESTING FISHING SCENE, UNIQUE IN PALÆOLITHIC ART, THE GREATER PART OF WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN DETAIL ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

[Continued] was the special sanctuary of the cave. The drawings belong to the Aurignacian and Solutrean periods; that is, to the coldest part of the last glacial period, which covers the years 30,000 to 25,000 B.C. The first of their kind yet discovered so far inland in the Iberian Peninsula, they are evidence of a focus of Palæolithic art on the route between northern Spain and Africa, and suggest a number of problems which will inaugurate a new era in archaeological studies, and no doubt will lead to further discoveries of like kind."

HUMAN BEINGS AND FISHES IN 30,000-YEAR-OLD DRAWINGS: A UNIQUE FIND.



THREE ANTHROPOMORPHIC FIGURES AND TWO FISHES (REPRESENTED VERTICALLY) FROM THE FISHING SCENE IN THE LOS CASARES CAVE—THE FIRST OF ITS KIND KNOWN: AN UNPARALLELED EXAMPLE OF AURIGNACIAN CAVE ART; CONTEMPORARY WITH THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC FIGURES OF ALTAMIRA.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMONG other things, the Jubilee has given enormous *réclame* to British democracy. I hope it will have the permanent effect of preserving our spirit of compromise in political institutions, and our preference for gradual development, rather than violent upheaval, in attaining social and economic justice and a fair distribution of this world's goods. The idea of an ultimate and inevitable collision between opposing theories and interests, whether of nations or classes, is, I think, strongly to be deprecated. There is always another alternative—the modification of the *status quo*, and any glaring injustices should be capable of removal, by mutual sympathy and co-operation, in a manner far more satisfactory to all concerned.

Those who continually talk and write of a destined conflict are helping to provoke it by spreading the notion that it is bound to happen sooner or later. An instance occurs in "SICKLE OR SWASTIKA." By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. Illustrated (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.). Here we read: "Between Fascism, in one or another form, and Collectivism, world opinion must surely eventually clash." Later, the same suggestion is elaborated thus: "In the ultimate, Collectivism must prove the spiritual foe of Fascism, and Germany is conscious, to the point of hysteria, of where her danger lies. But, indeed, the economic and political forces of the whole world seem converging to the same point. America, desperately averting revolution by a system of doles and bribes, the bread and circuses of Ancient Rome, has only postponed the inevitable clash. In our own country, by slower and more gentle degrees, the same struggle is approaching. The capitalist universe is sick, and though Fascism may for a time stave off decay, ultimately dissolution must come." I venture to suggest, however, that we need not be too ready to rush upon our dissolution, or to believe it unavoidable. Sometimes necessity operates against these political convulsions, and a gentler issue comes by "the inevitability of gradualness."

The fact that Mrs. Chesterton does not prophesy smooth things, however, is no reason for neglecting her book, even if the reader happens to reject her opinions, for it is full of vivid description and penetrating studies of conditions in various parts of Europe. She takes us in turn to Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Russia. Allowing for an obvious bias in favour of the Soviet, her comments strike me as being free from fanatical intolerance and animated by a sincere desire to present the facts as she sees them. Here, for example, is a portrait of the Nazi leader. "That afternoon," she writes, "I saw Hitler for the first time. . . . He sat in an open car, bareheaded, and with the sun full on his face. The eyes were aglint with an actual glow of fervour. He stared before him as in a vision—impervious, I felt, to heat or cold, to hunger or to suffering. I knew him for an ecstatic without pity and without fear. Indifferent himself to pain, he is equally indifferent to its infliction. Not to be tempted by wealth, women, or any of the lures of the flesh—like all ecstatics he is subject to fits of emotional darkness and doubt, with sudden startling resurgences. A genius of revivalism who has called an entire nation to a world crusade, he is at his best against big odds."

As between sickle or swastika, there is no doubt of Mrs. Chesterton's choice. Perhaps the most striking contrast that she draws between the two forms of rule represented by these symbols is that relating to literature and the arts. Under the Nazi régime, she declares, "not one creative work of literary merit has appeared. . . . As in Italy, Fascism in Germany has produced an intellectual slump. . . . The creative impulse cannot flourish in a society regimented to the smallest detail." Very different is her picture of the Russian scene. "Maxim Gorki," she writes, "is the most beloved and revered citizen of the U.S.S.R. . . . On Gorki's advice, Stalin dissolved the

R.A.P.P. (Association of Proletarian Writers), and the Union of Soviet Writers, void of all class distinction, took its place. . . . The intelligentsia is being welcomed back into the Russian fold. . . . A hunger for reading, a passion for literary self-expression, has seized on a whole people. . . . Gone, I felt for ever, was the epoch when to be a Russian bourgeois was to be an outcast. . . . I emerged from the Congress Hall keyed up to an exultant pitch. A massed crowd filled the square, straining to catch a glimpse of the authors as they left. Not in this fashion are English scribes acclaimed! . . . The sales of a recent novel were more than two millions. . . . There is, moreover, no limit to the amount authors may make. . . . 'Graphomania has seized on the people,' said my friend Korchmar. 'It is like your Elizabethan age—everyone aspires to write.'"

All this sounds almost too good to be true—a paradise for the quill-driver! Russian writers, however, are not entirely free, for Mrs. Chesterton admits that "an attack on the Soviet system would not be published." She describes a conversation with Gorki himself during her visit to his country house, and records his remarks—hardly complimentary—on modern English authors. Regarding the Russian attitude to international politics, she says:

emperors and dates will be useful to any student of Russian history, apart from its special purpose here.

There is no doubt that the perusal of this informative book, followed by a visit to the exhibition, will stimulate many readers to go further into a fascinating subject. That they will find it well worth while may be gathered from M. Polovtsoff's historical survey. To the general public in England, he considers, the words "Russian art" convey as a rule "the memory of a few popular novels by Dostoevski or Tolstoi; of Chalyapin in Musorgski's 'Tsar Boris,' or perhaps of a ballet such as those which Dyagilev first brought out of Russia. . . . But that would be a very limited view. A student of any branch of art would find in Russia an amazingly rich field for investigation, and he would meet there the most varied and perhaps the most original expressions of the eternal human craving for beauty to be found anywhere in the world."

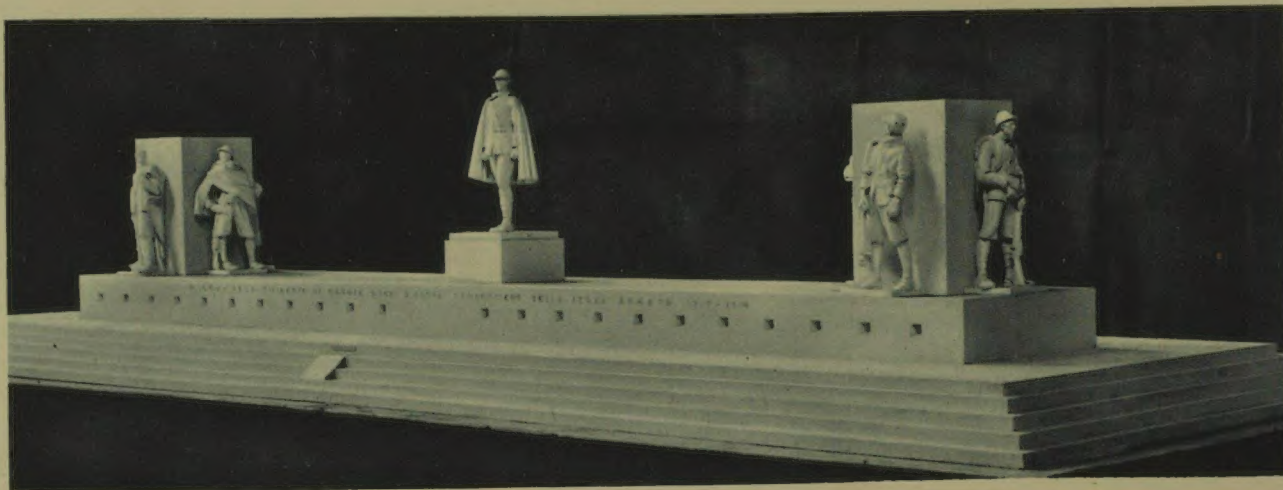
The importance of the Russian Ballet as an expression of national art is stressed by several of the contributors. It seemed a natural transition, therefore, to consider next a book dealing generally with that form of stage-craft, entitled "A PAGEANT OF THE DANCE AND BALLET." By

Mark Edward Perugini. With thirty-nine illustrations (Jarrolds; 18s.). This is an attractive volume, at once erudite and vivacious, packed with information, and appropriately illustrated. The author's purview extends from the days of ancient Egypt to the present time. He adds an extensive chronological table and a full index. Mr. Perugini has set himself certain limits, defined as follows: "Firstly, it [the book] is not intended as a detailed record of ballet production in various countries; . . . secondly, it is not simply a 'history of dancing'; . . . and, the Russian Ballet being also outside the scope of my survey, except in so far as it has impinged on the London stage in recent years, students seeking authoritative information thereon will find their requirements met elsewhere. . . . This 'Pageant' is simply intended as a general survey of the Dance in the theatre, and of the evolution of Ballet as a separate form of theatrical art, more particularly as finally reaching us here in England."

From ballet it is no great step (upward or downward, according to preference) to "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN." A Biography. By Hesketh Pearson. With three illustrations (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), a work on which, as an old and unrepentant Savoyard, I have been browsing with deep content. The idea of this volume is that, while there have been separate biographies of Gilbert and of Sullivan, the two personalities cannot be kept apart in any complete account of their collaboration and their unfortunate quarrel, and thus a joint memoir was desirable. It makes a highly entertaining story, largely anecdotal, with elements of pathos and tragedy. The author recalls the fact that Sullivan "was extremely popular with members of royal families," and that in the spring of 1897, while staying on the Riviera, he came into touch with Queen Victoria (then at Cimiez), who wanted a hymn for the Diamond Jubilee in that year; but he was not stimulated by the verse of Alfred Austin, then Poet Laureate.

The recent Gilbert and Sullivan tour in the United States was not their first introduction to that country. The author and composer themselves visited New York in 1879, with huge success in "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance." The present volume has topical interest from the approaching revivals at Sadler's Wells, and a gift to the British Museum of first editions of Gilbert's works. How would he have reacted, by the way, to Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's political dilemma? The "dictatorship of the proletariat" might perhaps have inspired something like the song about that socialistic monarch who "to the top of every tree promoted everybody." At the same time, the cult of the swastika might have evoked some equally Gilbertian situation.

C. E. B.



A FINE ITALIAN MORTUARY MONUMENT: BARONI'S MODEL FOR THE MEMORIAL TO THE DUKE OF AOSTA, THE POPULAR WAR-GENERAL, AND DETAILS OF TWO GROUPS OF SOLDIERS. H.R.H. the Duke of Aosta, first cousin of the King of Italy, was one of the most popular Italian generals during the war. He died in 1931. Although actually on the retired list, he was given the command of the Italian 3rd Army, which he led with great gallantry in the fighting on the Carso. He was for some time President of the Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro. The fine memorial for which this model was made will be erected in Turin.



"I found no trace of militarist spirit, no desire for aggression. The idea of converting to Marxism by force of arms seems to have died out with the expulsion of Trotsky." That, at least, is something to be thankful for.

Here in this country, while most of us would resent any interference with our political affairs, from Moscow or anywhere else, there is nevertheless much curiosity as to the future of the Soviet experiment, and a still stronger interest in Russia from an artistic point of view. Evidence thereof is to be found in a forthcoming Exhibition of the Art of Imperial Russia to be held at No. 1, Belgrave Square, from June 4 until July 13. It is to be opened by the Duchess of Kent, and will contain exhibits lent by the Queen and other royal collectors, including the King of Sweden and Queen Marie of Rumania. In connection with this important exhibition there has just been published an interesting little book entitled "RUSSIAN ART." Edited by D. Talbot Rice, Professor of Fine Art, University of Edinburgh. With twelve plates (Gurney and Jackson; 2s. 6d.). The primary purpose is to help visitors to the exhibition to understand and appreciate what they see, but Professor Rice adds: "It is hoped that the book may serve a more general need, since no small up-to-date work dealing with the subject as a whole exists in English." It is not a catalogue of the exhibition, but a series of twelve essays by well-known writers on various aspects of Russian Art. Professor Tancred Borenius opens with a general appreciation, and the other papers deal respectively with a historical survey, early Russian painting, art in the eighteenth century, early nineteenth-century painting, decorative art—architecture and ballet, textiles, metal-work and enamels, book-production, and porcelain. A chronological table of

**"FIFTY YEARS OF PORTRAITS":
ACADEMICIANS AND "FAUVES"
AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.**



"SELF-PORTRAIT, 1893"—
BY SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN



"L'ARTISTE, ALICE ET PÈRE FRED"—
BY PABLO PICASSO. (PAINTED 1903.)



"DR. ECKENER"—
BY EUGEN SPIRO.



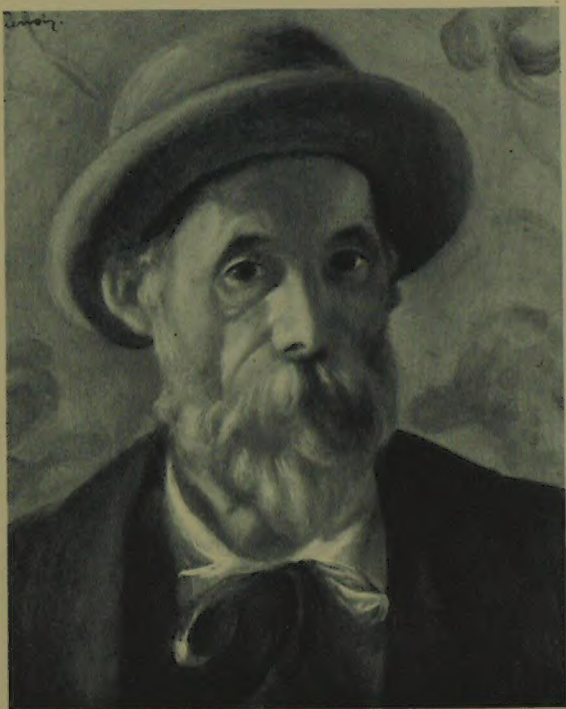
"PORTRAIT OF THE ART DEALER, MR. BRUMMER"—
BY HENRI ROUSSEAU, "LE DOUANIER." (PAINTED 1909.)



"JENNIE LEE"—
BY P. WILSON STEER, O.M. (PAINTED 1887.)



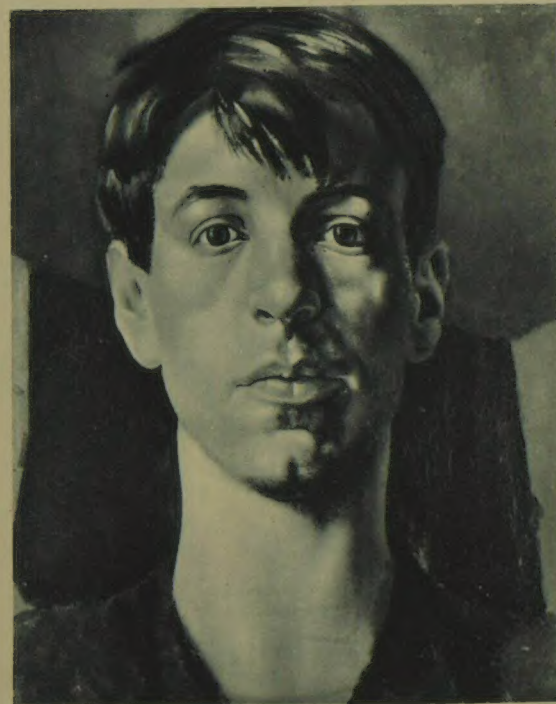
"THE PAINTER AND HIS FAMILY"—
BY ANDRÉ DERAÏN. (PAINTED ABOUT 1913.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT"—
BY A. RENOIR. (1897.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT"—
BY V. VAN GOGH. (1887.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT"—
BY STANLEY SPENCER.

What might be called a Jubilee of modern portrait-painting is being celebrated at the Leicester Galleries, where there is an exhibition of pictures which is designed to show various phases of portraiture in the period 1885 to 1935. The painters represented include Augustus John, Gerald Kelly, Orpen, Sickert, Stanley Spencer, Duncan Grant, William Nicholson, Sir William Rothenstein, Mancini (an Italian much admired by Sargent), Max Liebermann, Picasso, Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, Epstein, and Toulouse-Lautrec. With regard to certain pictures here

reproduced, it may be noted that Sir William Rothenstein became President of the Royal College of Art in 1920, and is now being succeeded by Mr. P. H. Jowett. Dr. Eckener is the famous Zeppelin commander. Jennie Lee will be recalled as the actress famous for her "Jo" in "Bleak House." She died in 1930. Stanley Spencer has been much in the public eye of late on account of his difference with the Royal Academy over the exhibition of certain of his pictures. Père Fred, in Picasso's picture, was proprietor of the café "La Romance du Lapin Agile."



"ALTHOUGH WE WERE ONLY ABLE TO SECURE DRAGONS OF MODERATE SIZE, WE CERTAINLY SAW SOME UP TO 12 FEET IN LENGTH": ONE OF THESE TWELVE-FOOT MONSTERS IN ITS NATIVE HABITAT ON KOMODO, AN ISLAND OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.



"WE TIED UP A DEAD GOAT AND PREPARED A COVER OF GREEN CANVAS AND BRANCHES FROM BEHIND WHICH LADY BROUGHTON COULD WATCH AND PHOTOGRAPH THE ANIMALS": ONE OF THE RESULTS—TWO DRAGONS DISCUSSING THE CARCASE.



WITH ITS "LONG, FORKED, FLAME-LIKE TONGUE" PROTRUDED: A KOMODO LIZARD RECONNOITRING—A MODERN SURVIVAL OF THE SPECIES WHICH "HAS FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS INSPIRED CHINESE ARTISTS IN PICTURING THE TRADITIONAL DRAGON."

Two new specimens of the gigantic monitor lizard, *Varanus Komodoensis*, popularly known as the Komodo dragon, have just been presented to the Zoo by Lord Moyne, who captured them on the island of Komodo in the Dutch East Indies, as described by him on page 928 of this number. They are the most interesting

and valuable reptiles received at the Zoo for many years, and they are evidently younger than Sumba, the survivor of the pair acquired in 1927, being smaller and more agile. Three specimens, over six feet long, were brought away from Komodo, but one escaped from its cage in Lord Moyne's yacht "Rosaura" during the voyage

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY LADY BROUGHTON DURING LORD MOYNE'S EXPEDITION TO KOMODO

SEARCHING IN THE WILD FOR NEW "DRAGONS" FOR THE ZOO: GIGANTIC LIZARDS AT LARGE IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS ON KOMODO ISLAND.



"NOT ONLY SMALL DRAGONS, BUT ALSO THE 12-FT. SPECIMENS, CAME RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEACH AND WERE BY NO MEANS RESTRICTED TO THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS":
A BIG KOMODO LIZARD CROSSING A DRY WATERCOURSE NEAR THE SHORE.



"ALTHOUGH 'KOMODOENSIS' IS ONLY ONE OF THE EXISTING SPECIES OF VARANUS, HE IS BY FAR THE MOST SPECTACULAR BECAUSE OF HIS GREAT SIZE": TWO FINE SPECIMENS
(THE LEFT ONE WITH EXTENDED DEWLAP) BESIDE THE DEAD GOAT.

home and apparently went overboard into the Red Sea. Until its discovery in 1912, the Komodo dragon, like the okapi, was regarded as a fabulous creature. Since 1927, when it attracted public notice through the Zoo's first acquisition, we have often illustrated the subject. The excellent photographs by Lady Broughton, who

was a member of Lord Moyne's party, given here and on four succeeding pages, are of particular interest as representing an expedition working specially in the interests of the Zoo; also as showing the reptiles in their native haunts and the methods of trapping and photographing them.

ISLAND. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE SUCCEEDING PAGE AND FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON THREE PAGES FOLLOWING.)

TRAPPING KOMODO DRAGONS FOR THE ZOO:

ADVENTURES ON A DUTCH EAST INDIES ISLAND IN QUEST OF NEW SPECIMENS OF THE GIANT MONITOR LIZARD, WHOSE ANCESTORS WERE DOUBTLESS THE ORIGINALS OF THE TRADITIONAL DRAGON OF CHINESE ART.

By LORD MOYNE. (See Lady Broughton's photographs on the two preceding pages and the three here following.)

IT was only in 1912 that the dragons of Komodo first became known to zoologists. They are found at the western end of the large island of Flores, and on some smaller islands, which lie between Sumbawa and Flores, of which Komodo and Rinja are the more important. Flores and Sumbawa are part of the great line of islands which stretch from west to east, parallel to the Equator. Being each between 200 and 300 miles long, they offer an effective barrier to the northward current of water from the southern oceans which is drawn north to the equatorial zone, and consequently, at some states of the tides, the current rushes northward through the Straits, past the dragon islands, at a speed up to nine knots, which must, in former times, have discouraged ships from attempting a landing.

As the Zoo was anxious to replace a dragon which recently died, I was glad to take the opportunity to revisit Komodo with the object of securing them fresh specimens. We anchored in the great sweep of Telok Slawi Bay, off one of the only two small villages of Komodo. The scenery is of extreme beauty, owing to the steep green slopes of fantastic shapes which run up with many curves and contortions to the rocky saddles which divide up the island. On the skyline of these saddles, 2000 ft. above the sea, the bushy heads of the lontar-palms, with their stems almost invisible in the distance, show up strangely as black dots against the luminous sky. Trees grow in the valleys, and the green slopes between look smooth and easy to climb, but actually they are very rough, with boulders hidden in the long grass. Down below are long beaches, where the white and red corals have been battered together into sands of many intermediate shades.

The Dutch Resident of Timor, responsible for the government of these islands, most kindly came with several of his officials to meet us on his yacht, and our success in so quickly capturing dragons was mainly due to the great help of our Dutch friends, who, though they had never previously visited Komodo, or seen the dragons, were

just where a valley began to narrow into the foothills, and carefully camouflaged it with branches of trees.

A great rock stood on a slope near by, and beneath this rock we were shown several holes, with tracks at the entrances proving them to be lairs of these reptiles. We afterwards

examining the carcass, and found that a 7-ft. crocodile was lying strangled by one of the nooses. We were very much surprised at this, as we had no idea that there were any crocodiles in the bay, or that these reptiles would live entirely in salt water, whereas on Komodo there are no running streams. We also learnt to distinguish between the straight tracks of the crocodiles, with the tail-groove centred between a straight line of footmarks, and the wavy tracks of the dragons, reminding one of the conventional decorative treatment of grapes and vine tendrils, the footmarks in the sand being just like clusters of grapes, while the tail, sweeping backwards from side to side in curves, exactly resembled the tendrils. It was also interesting to find that not only small dragons, as had been suggested by previous observers, but also the 12-ft. specimens came right down to the beach, and were by no means restricted to the mountain tops.

Shortly after we got back to the ship, one of the watchers came from the trap to report that a dragon had been caught. On reaching the trap, we found that the dragon was of only moderate size, but very fierce. As soon as anyone came near, he dashed himself against the wire sides of the trap, and as in our ignorance of the size of our captures we had not yet prepared cages for their journey home, we thought it best to collect a dozen natives and get the trap carried back on their shoulders so as to make the transfer on the ship. It would not be pleasant to be bitten or wounded by the powerful claws of these reptiles, owing to the carrion on which they feed, and fortunately we found no difficulty in transferring them by attracting them from the darkened trap into the sunlit cages and quickly shutting the door between. After this first capture, we established the trap near the beach where the dragons were being drawn by the lure which I had tied up. The attraction of the bait seemed to be increased by laying trails of aniseed oil, and the speed with which we were able to catch dragons was only limited

by the need to make cages of suitable size to keep them.

Near the dragon rock where the trap had previously stood, we tied up a dead goat, and prepared a cover of green canvas and branches, from behind which Lady Broughton could watch and photograph the animals. I spent as much time as I could spare from the operations of the trap in watching the reptiles as they came to tear at the bait, while Lady Broughton took photographs. Sometimes they would watch for long periods before approaching, often raising themselves on their fore-legs while working their dewlaps. We found that the young dragons were far hungrier and less cautious than the older ones, and we frequently saw the larger animals come up and take a look at the carcass, and then, their suspicions having been in some way aroused, suddenly run off at high speed without tasting the food. When once, however, they decided to eat, they would rip off chunks of meat, sometimes dragging away large pieces to dispose of in the long grass. They seemed specially to relish the intestines, and such was their voracity that it was necessary to provide a new goat or pig every day for bait. As a result of the continued baiting of the ground, the dragons became more and more numerous and confident, and Lady Broughton was able to take a cinema picture of four dragons round the carcass at the same time.

(Continued on page 954.)



"HE DASHED HIMSELF AGAINST THE WIRE SIDES": A KOMODO DRAGON CAUGHT IN THE TRAP.

found that, although so deaf as to be completely indifferent to the human voice, or even the discharge of a gun, they are possessed of very keen senses of sight and smell, and, owing no doubt to the many tracks we had left on the ground, no dragons came to the trap during the first twenty-four hours. Being anxious to find a second suitable place in case the trap should not be a success in its original position, I shot a wild pig close to the beach at another part of the island, where I had seen dragons on my previous visit, and tied up the carcass so as to attract them to the spot. Another reason for the absence of dragons during the first day was doubtless the fact that the meat had not begun to smell, and we afterwards found that dragons like it in a state of advanced putrefaction.

The next day was one of disappointment. We visited the trap early in the morning and found it undisturbed. Later in the day, however, we found the bait had gone, and the door had fallen without catching any dragon, although he had left plenty of evidence of his visit inside the trap. We were never able to explain the escape of this dragon. The trap was so designed that, once the door had fallen right down, a steel catch made it quite impossible to raise it from below. If the door had fallen on a dragon's tail, and been pushed up again, the animal must indeed have been of monstrous size, as the door was far too heavy to be raised by anything so slender

as the last three or four feet of a dragon's tail. It is, of course, possible that two dragons walked into the trap together, and that, while one ate the bait and released the trap, the other received the door on its shoulders and was able to disengage itself while its companion turned round and escaped through the opening.

Disappointed with this first trial of the trap, I set three nooses in front of the carcass of the pig which I had tied up as a lure for dragons the previous evening. These rope nooses were arranged at such a distance as seemed suitable to catch a medium-sized dragon just behind the shoulders. We quickly realised that dragons, like so many other reptiles who have no fur or feathers to protect them from the cold, only come out from their lairs when the sun is hot. We therefore arranged for a watch on the trap from 9 a.m. onwards, while Lady Broughton and I went in the other direction, to the bait, to see whether anything would be caught in the nooses. As we crept up through the grass, we saw two dragons



A DRAGON'S LAIR: THE ENTRANCE TO THE LARGEST ONE FOUND, BETWEEN A TREE-ROOT AND THE BASE OF A GREAT ROCK.



A BABY DRAGON CAUGHT BY NATIVES IN A NOOSE AND TIED UP IN GRASS RUSHES FOR TRANSPORT, CARRIED BY A KOMODO ISLANDER: A SPECIMEN RELEASED OWING TO ITS SMALL SIZE. (NOTE TIP OF TAIL ON RIGHT.)

able to talk to the natives in their language, and get advice as to where to set our trap. Although "Komodoensis" is only one of the existing species of Varanus, he is by far the most spectacular, because of his great size, and especially interesting because it was clearly such an animal which, in its general appearance, curling tail, and long, forked, flame-like tongue, has for thousands of years inspired Chinese artists in picturing the traditional dragon.

We spent about ten days on Komodo in our effort to catch the largest possible specimens. Altogether, we secured seven, but as we only had permission to bring back three, we released the smaller ones whenever we could replace them by larger. We used a trap which was constructed for the purpose by the Zoo. It was built up of panels of strong wire netting, 10 ft. from front to back, and was cunningly devised so that, when the dragon pulled at the meat at the inner end of the cage, a door would fall behind him at the back. We erected the trap about a mile inland,

A "MOUSE-TRAP" FOR DRAGONS: BAITING; CAMOUFLAGE; AND A CATCH.

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THE DRAGON-TRAP SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED AT THE ZOO: PANELS OF STRONG WIRE NETTING, 10 FT. LONG, BEING ASSEMBLED ON THE ISLAND OF KOMODO.



SETTING THE DOOR OF THE CAMOUFLAGED TRAP: A SOLID AND WEIGHTED PANEL ARRANGED TO FALL DIRECTLY A DRAGON PULLED THE MEAT PLACED AS BAIT AT THE INNER END OF THE CAGE.



CAMOUFLAGING THE DRAGON TRAP: ISLANDERS OF KOMODO, IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, AT WORK COVERING THE TRAP WITH BRANCHES AND FOLIAGE.



PREPARING BAIT FOR THE DRAGON TRAP: NATIVES, UNDER WHITE SUPERVISION, MAKING READY MEAT TO BE FASTENED AT THE INNER END OF THE TRAP.

LORD MOYNE'S success in capturing live specimens of the Komodo dragon, as described in his article opposite, was due to careful planning beforehand. Before he started on the cruise in his yacht, the "Rosaura," which touched at over forty islands between Sumatra and New Zealand, carpenters at the Zoo constructed a huge trap, 10 ft. long, which was shipped in sections to be re-assembled on the island of Komodo. In principle it resembled the old-fashioned mouse-trap, but instead of a spring it had at one end a heavily weighted door, which was arranged to drop as soon as the animal that had entered the trap dragged at the bait fixed to a board at the other end. The

(Continued opposite.)



THE FIRST CATCH: A DRAGON OF MODERATE SIZE BUT VERY FIERCE, WHO KEPT DASHING HIMSELF AGAINST THE WIRE NETTING WHENEVER ANYONE APPROACHED, CAPTIVE INSIDE THE TRAP AND BEING CARRIED BY NATIVE PORTERS DOWN TO THE BEACH FOR TRANSFER TO THE SHIP.

(Continued.) panels of the trap were made of strong wire netting in a timber framework, and the wood was painted, camouflage fashion, with patches of dull green and sand colour. When the trap was set on the island, it was camouflaged still further by a covering of branches and foliage. It was placed first about a mile inland and was baited with a chicken. Later, it was removed nearer to the beach. Altogether seven dragons were caught; but the smaller ones were released and only three were kept—the number which the expedition had permission from the Dutch authorities to capture. One of them escaped during the voyage home and was lost. The first one caught was of moderate size but very fierce.

**"THE ISLE OF DRAGONS": FAIRYLIKE LANDSCAPE IN KOMODO—
ROCKY CRAGS AND LONTAR PALMS; WITH TYPICAL LIZARD TRACKS.**

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"THE BUSHY HEADS OF THE LONTAR PALMS, WITH THEIR STEMS ALMOST INVISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE, SHOW UP STRANGELY AS BLACK DOTS AGAINST THE LUMINOUS SKY": LOVELY MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN THE ISLAND OF KOMODO, THE HOME OF GIANT LIZARDS KNOWN AS KOMODO DRAGONS.



A DRAGON-HAUNTED ISLAND OF ENCHANTING BEAUTY: GRACEFUL LONTAR PALMS AND OTHER TROPICAL TREES AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF ROCKY CRAGS THAT RISE INTO FANTASTIC TOWERS AND PINNACLES.

Komodo, which gives its name to the species of giant lizard illustrated in this number, is one of several small islands where these creatures live, between the larger islands of Sumbawa and Flores, in the Dutch East Indies. The species also occurs at the western end of Flores. The pair of Komodo dragons acquired by the Zoo in 1927, it may be recalled, were named Sumbawa and Sumba, but to-day only Sumba survives. It was stated recently that the two younger specimens presented



"LIKE CLUSTERS OF GRAPES," WITH A WAVY, SERPENTINE TAIL-GROOVE "RESEMBLING THE TENDRILS": TYPICAL TRACKS OF A KOMODO DRAGON.



DRAGON FOOTPRINTS IN KOMODO: SPOOR DISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE STRAIGHT TRACKS OF CROCODILES BY THE CURVING SPIRAL OF THE LIZARD'S TAIL, WHICH ROLLS FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS IT WALKS.

by Lord Moyne would probably not be housed with Sumba, who might resent their intrusion. The scenery of Komodo, Lord Moyne tells us, "is of extreme beauty, owing to the steep green slopes of fantastic shapes which run up with many curves and contortions to the rocky saddles which divide up the island." The lontar palms form a striking feature of the landscape, especially when seen on the skyline of the hills. Lord Moyne explains the difference between dragon and crocodile tracks.

KOMODO DRAGON-CATCHING: A NOOSED SURPRISE; AND THE REAL QUARRY.

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"A SEVEN-FOOT CROCODILE WAS LYING STRANGLED BY ONE OF THE NOOSES" (SET FOR KOMODO DRAGONS): A SURPRISING CATCH ON AN ISLAND THAT LACKS RUNNING STREAMS, AND ONE THAT REVEALED THE UNSUSPECTED PRESENCE OF CROCODILES IN THE SALT-WATER BAY.



KOMODO DRAGONS—GIANT MONITOR LIZARDS OF THE SPECIES *VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*—LURED (FOR PURPOSES OF PHOTOGRAPHY) BY THE CARCASE OF A GOAT: A TRIO OF VARYING SIZE, ONE WITH THE TIP OF ITS YELLOW TONGUE PROTRUDING.

Lord Moyne describes in his article on page 928 how, besides the "mouse-trap" used for dragon-catching, he set three rope nooses before the carcase of a pig used as a lure, and how he found a 7-ft. crocodile lying strangled by one of the nooses. This was a great surprise, as he did not know that any crocodiles existed there; or could live entirely in salt water, for Komodo has no running

streams. The discovery also enabled him to distinguish between a crocodile's track, with the tail-groove centred between straight lines of footprints, and the serpentine track of a Komodo dragon (illustrated on the opposite page), due to its tail rolling from side to side as it walks. These great lizards sometimes grow as large as a moderate-sized crocodile.

THE MATRIARCH.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"QUEEN VICTORIA": By E. F. BENSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN.)

THERE is an element of paradox in England's long reluctance to recognise "woman's rights," for three of her Sovereigns had shown that women, in circumstances of exceptional responsibility, were not necessarily weak vessels. Two of these women were among the greatest of her monarchs, and they did for England what no king could have done. The sixteenth century could not have been quite what it was if Elizabeth, besides being a woman of brilliant intelligence, had not been a figure of romance. Neither would nineteenth-century England have acquired its distinctive character without her Widow, or, as Mr. Benson prefers to call her and as millions thought of her, her Mother. It may be historical accident, but it is nevertheless a remarkable circumstance that Queens reigned over three of England's most critical stages of development. Under Elizabeth, England became Britain, a country of enormous vitality and a European power; under Anne, modern England and the modern English political system were born; and under Victoria the nationhood founded a century earlier came to maturity. Mr. Benson perhaps does not lay sufficient stress on the fact that for nearly the first twenty years of Victoria's reign the political and economic condition of the country was highly unstable. Not until the turn of the half-century was the prospect at all reassuring. Victoria and Albert between them laid a solid foundation, not always with the most tractable material.

If popular taste had to choose a series of Dramatic Moments of History, it could not fail to select the scene which is described in Victoria's own famous but prosaic words: "I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown) and alone, and saw them. Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain) then acquainted me that my poor Uncle, the King, was no more, and consequently that I am Queen." It was no very propitious moment for a young girl to become Queen. The throne, discredited by a long carnival of Hanoverian vagaries, was attacked on all sides. The Royal Family was not only expensive but unedifying, and it had shown no marked solicitude for the fortunes of the English nation. There had been an undignified scramble for the succession (amusingly described by Mr. Benson) among the royal scions who were capable of producing heirs—Victoria herself was one result of the competition. The whole Parliamentary and constitutional system had recently been in the melting-pot, and was not yet out of it. However, this inexperienced and spirited girl began with certain advantages. Chivalry and sentiment sprang to her support; she was at least respectable—there would be no scandals connected with her name; and any feminine weakness of judgment could not be less intelligent than the judgment of some of her masculine predecessors. She might, after all, turn out to be the best thing that could have happened in the circumstances.

In Mr. Benson's account, as in most accounts, of her long reign, three distinct Victorias are discernible. There was a period of eager, happy, vigorous service, in which she established herself as the unmistakable head of the State. After the death of her husband, there followed a dark period in which she temporarily ceased to be mistress of herself and became the prey of distresses and grievances. "By that cruel, irresistible alchemy of hypochondria in this difficult period of a woman's life, she transmuted motherly joy into the emptiness of widowhood, and refashioned flags and banners into instruments for her own self-torture." It is easy for us, at this distance, to make

allowance for the crisis through which she was passing; but to her Ministers, and especially to so inelastic a nature as Gladstone's, her moods and tempers were a sore affliction. What was worse, they were a danger to the State, for they were rapidly depriving the Crown of all the credit it had gained. Sympathy overtaken is always turned into antipathy, and there was a period when the most conscientious woman in England came to be suspected of selfish and culpable neglect of duty; for the common man knew by experience that, whatever one's private distresses, life somehow had to be lived—and if for him, why not for her?

Natural vitality reasserted itself, and in the last third

at the thought) whether her Angel *had* been quite right in his plans for the education of Bertie, and whether she herself had been quite right in so long excluding her son from any share in the government. Ah, well, she had made her mistakes, but she had never wavered in her anxiety for her country's good, she had never allowed herself to be diverted from her convictions by favourites, and she had never weakened on any vital point of principle.

How much she had learned of statecraft is best shown by the letter which she wrote "her dear William" after his outrageous Kruger Telegram. Not in these terms of studied and chastening moderation would Victoria have

written twenty years earlier to her obstreperous grandson. Yet, while she had learned to control that imperious Hanoverian temper and while some measure of serenity had come to her out of all her tribulations, there still remained that hard spot which never softened towards those who, as she believed, led her people astray. Neither for Palmerston nor for Gladstone had she any other epitaph than "I never liked him," and age, dignity, and long public service could not wring from her—a sentimental woman—any other verdict. The one had wounded her beyond forgiveness by slighting not only her own opinion, but that of her ever-wise Albert; the other had not only betrayed all that she believed to be best for England, but had had the effrontery to remind her repeatedly of her duty. For that, not even the tearful, conciliatory overtures of Mrs. Gladstone ("poor thing!") could atone. It was all very uncharitable of Victoria, but most of us have a sneaking regard for a good hater—and it had been real and cruel suffering for her that, in a perverse world, every statesman could not be a dear Lord Melbourne or a dear Lord Beaconsfield!

Mr. Benson does full justice to the part which Albert played in Victoria's life, and like all others who have had occasion to study the Consort's character, he pays his tribute to that sorely misjudged man. There is no harder lot in this world than to command respect without affection, and no power on earth could ever strike in the English people a spark of affection for this distressingly virtuous alien who never had the slightest understanding of the things

which make life pleasant and gracious to Englishmen. Alive or dead, he is regarded with coldness mingled with amused contempt. And yet it is impossible to withhold either admiration or sympathy from him. He was in an exceedingly difficult position, which he undertook without alacrity and which he filled, on the whole, with conspicuous discretion. His ability was considerable and his political sense shrewd; he was unquestionably of enormous help to Victoria in her apprenticeship, and Mr. Benson rightly reminds us that almost his last act was to save England from war with America, which the intemperate diplomacy of Lord John Russell would almost certainly have precipitated. He succeeded in his tasks against much ungenerous opposition, and he did his very best, despite every discouragement, for a people whom, in his heart of hearts, he disapproved. But all the virtues and all the talents will not make up for lack of charm; and perhaps it was an added hardship that

to the one person who gave him unbounded love he could not return it in equal measure.

It is not easy to add, in any original manner, to the enormous literature about Queen Victoria; but Mr. Benson has written (as always) pleasantly and gracefully of a time, and of a personage, both sufficiently near and sufficiently remote to be of lively interest. He wisely refrains from any general "appreciation," but puts Victoria before us in word and act; and he leaves us by the bedside of the old dead Queen, deeply moved—as anybody must be moved who contemplates her story either as the chronicle of a sovereign or as the life of a woman.

C. K. A.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S FATHER AS ARTIST: "SUNRISE ON THE PARTHENON, ATHENS," BY H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, A PICTURE WHICH IS IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF HIS RECENT PAINTINGS AND HAS BEEN BOUGHT FOR THE BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY.



"CORNER OF CORFU": A LANDSCAPE BY PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, WHO IS HOLDING HIS SECOND EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN LONDON.



"TOMBSTONE IN THE 'POTTERS' QUARTER, ATHENS": AN EFFECTIVE WORK IN CLASSICAL STYLE BY PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

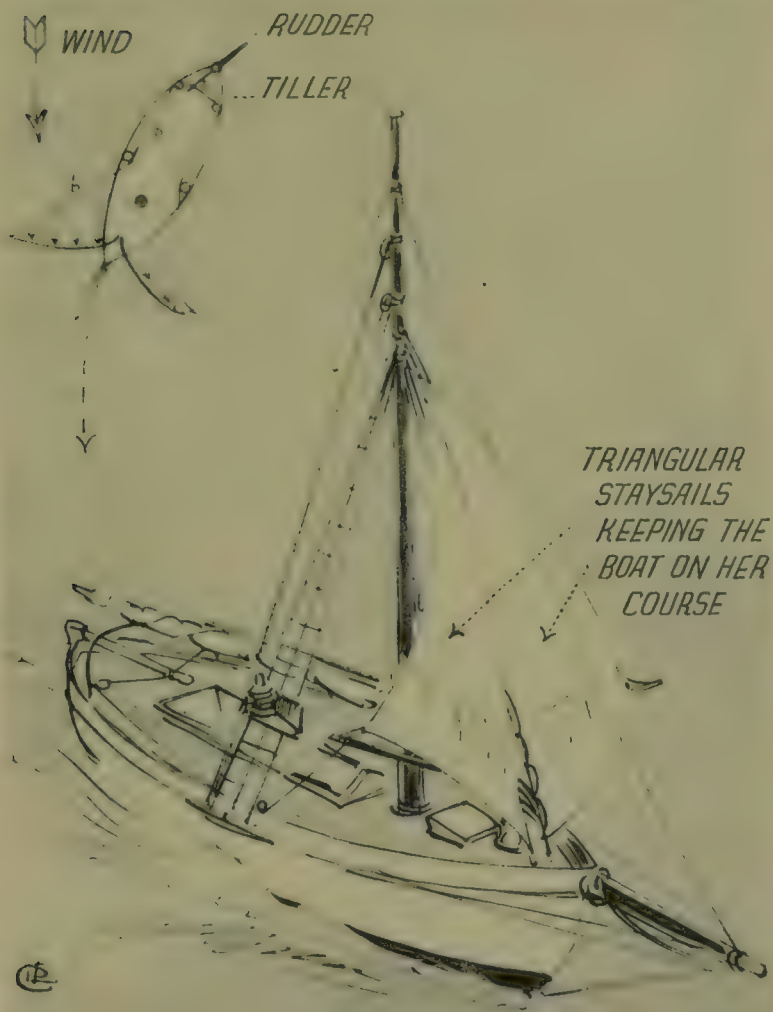
An exhibition of recent paintings by H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece, the Duchess of Kent's father, began at Thomas Agnew and Sons' Galleries, Old Bond Street, on May 14. Their Majesties the King and Queen attended the opening of the exhibition, as did the royal artist himself, his wife, and the Duchess of Kent. The first picture to be sold was "Sunrise on the Parthenon," which was bought for the Birmingham City Art Gallery. Prince Nicholas has shown regularly in the Paris Salon during recent years. This is his second exhibition in London.

of her reign, Victoria, sure now of the confidence of her people, conducted this intricate business of queenhood not only with diligence but with zest. And how much she had learned through her vicissitudes! Dreadful things were constantly being done by those who were supposed to govern her realm, and for long periods her principal adviser was a man whom she personally disliked, whose motives she suspected, and who was in her eyes a relentless public enemy. She made his path difficult, but she would never now have lent herself to a Bedchamber Plot to thwart a Government of which she disapproved. Perhaps, as she looked back, she wondered sometimes (startled

* "Queen Victoria." By E. F. Benson, Author of "Edward VII.," "As We Were," etc. (Longmans, Green and Co.; 16s.)

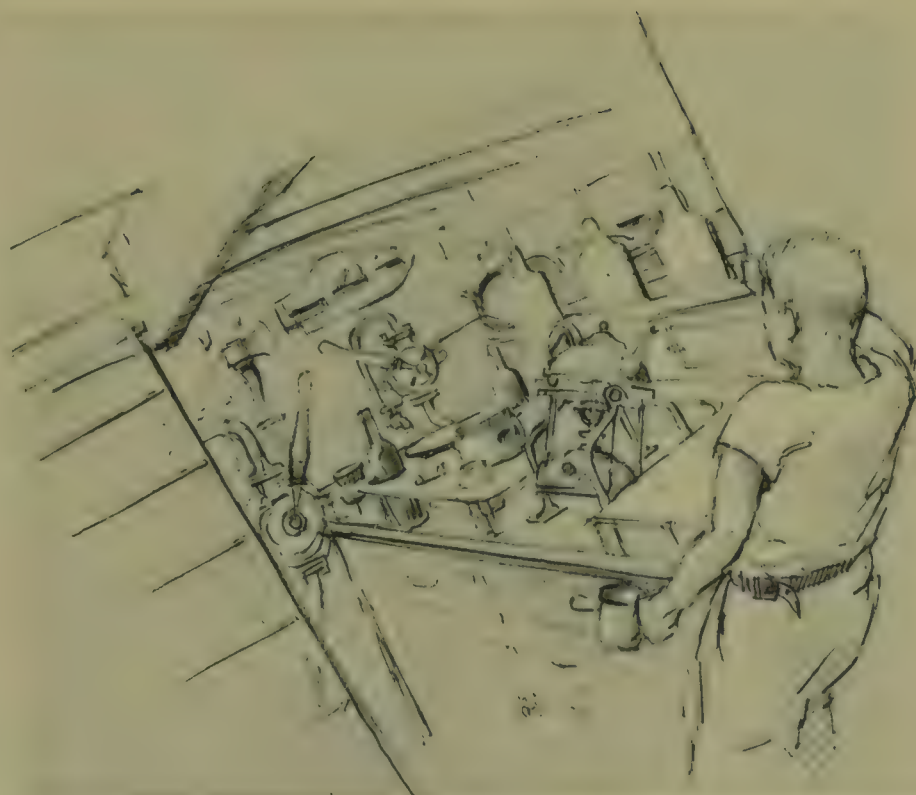
HOW THE ATLANTIC WAS CROSSED SINGLE-HANDED IN A SMALL BOAT:

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS ABOARD MARIN MARIE'S
ELEVEN-TON CUTTER "WINIBELLE II."

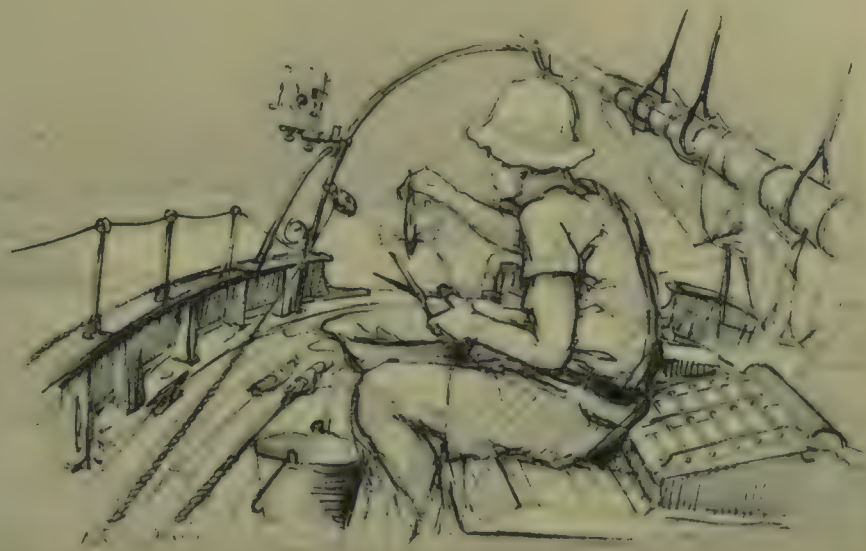


THE AUTOMATIC HELM ARRANGEMENT ABOARD "WINIBELLE II.," WHICH MADE IT UNNECESSARY FOR THE SAILOR TO TOUCH THE TILLER FOR TWENTY-SEVEN CONSECUTIVE DAYS: TRIANGULAR FORESAILS SHEETED TO THE TILLER.
Drawing by Pierre Le Conte.

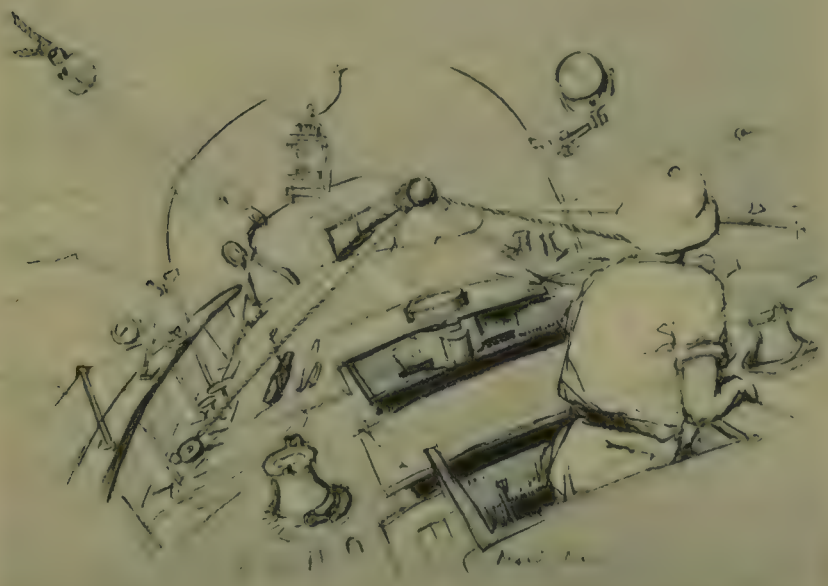
THE wonderful single-handed voyage of Marin Marie from Brest to New York by way of the West Indies is described on the following page by the sailor himself and is illustrated, here and in colours, by his own drawings made at the time. The exploit was rewarded with the Grand Prix d'Athlétisme, a prize founded by Mme. Bonine in memory of her daughter, Mme. Virginie Hériot, for the finest French sporting feat. Such a cruise, in an eleven-ton cutter, demanded, of course, the most supreme qualities of seamanship; and yet it was accomplished with surprising ease, and, as Marin Marie tells us, without the slightest mishap. It could never have been carried out so successfully without the special arrangements which Marin Marie installed aboard. Of these the most interesting is the automatic steering—not, in itself, a new device. Two symmetrical triangular staysails, forward of the mast, are sheeted to the tiller, the wind being dead aft. They are set in such a way that, if the boat veers to one side, say, to starboard, the port sail loses the wind, its sheet slackens, the tiller is thus pulled to starboard, and the boat is brought back on her course. Under this rig "Winibelle II." sailed for twenty-seven consecutive days without a touch being needed on the tiller, and so crossed from Madeira to Martinique.



COOKING ON A STOVE SUSPENDED CARDAN-WISE AND SO KEPT THROUGHOUT ON AN EVEN KEEL: A DEVICE NECESSARY IN THE DREADFUL ROLLING WHICH THE BOAT UNDERWENT WHEN RUNNING BEFORE THE TRADE WINDS.



HOW MARIN MARIE FILMED HIMSELF A THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND: A MECHANICALLY OPERATED KINEMA-CAMERA FILMING THE MARINER AS HE "SKINS" A FLYING-FISH.



THE STERN OF THE ELEVEN-TON CUTTER; SHOWING HOW THE BOAT WAS AUTOMATICALLY STEERED BY THE SAILS; AND THE LAMP USED TO ILLUMINATE THE CANVAS SO AS TO LESSEN RISK OF COLLISION AT NIGHT.



STEERING THE BOAT WITHOUT LEAVING THE BUNK: HOW THE SHEET WAS LED THROUGH TO THE CABIN, WHERE THE AUTOMATIC STEERING ARRANGEMENT COULD, IF NECESSARY, BE ADJUSTED FROM THE BUNK.

SAILING ALONE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC:

SPECIAL "GADGETS" INSTALLED ABOARD "WINIBELLE II."
FOR LONG-DISTANCE SINGLE-HANDED CRUISING.

By MARIN MARIE.

On this page Marin Marie, compatriot, acquaintance, and emulator of the famous Alain Gerbault, gives a fascinating description of his Transatlantic cruise in the eleven-ton "Winibelle II." Our version is a translation, with a few short passages omitted, of an article by Marin Marie in a recent issue of our distinguished contemporary "L'Illustration." Further illustrations, by Marin Marie himself, appear on the preceding page, and in colours on the page opposite.

LET us ignore for once the rather hackneyed romance of being alone at sea, and admit that such complete and prolonged solitude is not to everybody's taste. In any case, the sailor goes to sea with his eyes open, and only undertakes lone voyages in the knowledge that he can stand them. For my part, even in times of hardship—and such there are—I would not have changed my place for a first-class cabin aboard a liner. Granted this, it is still undeniable that there are risks in single-handed sailing—one may fall overboard, or hurt oneself, or get ill. But there is no need to exaggerate these risks, for they often exist at sea. Moreover, the single-handed sailor, who is sometimes unfairly accused of being foolhardy, is really obliged to exercise the utmost caution in every respect—in all the details of fitting out, in food, in cleanliness—while taking every precaution in manœuvring and in making the slightest movement on board.

Nor should one be too impressed by the small size of sailing-boats that make long cruises. A boat of 40 to 50 tons might be preferable, but it would be too big for one man to handle. And remember that life-boats, even those of the most modern type, are generally craft of similar tonnage to a boat like *Winibelle II.*, while carrying even less ballast. A sailing-boat of this type, astonishing as it may seem, can live in any weather, provided that she is wholly decked in and is of sufficiently solid build.

Winibelle II., my boat, is an eleven-ton cutter with a free-footed sail—that is, with no boom, as in certain pilot boats. The details which distinguish her from other cruising boats are scarcely visible at first sight. Her hatches close hermetically fast; the hull is protected with copper plates below the water-line; the water-tanks are an important feature; the rigging and sails are of a pattern much above the normal; the mast is hollow and very securely stayed. In addition, I had several new devices installed aboard to equip her specially for the job in hand, and to fulfil my own conception of single-handed sailing. They enabled her in all circumstances to sail on in the usual way; even in bad weather and at night the sails could be hoisted or lowered without my leaving the tiller; the latter could be manœuvred from inside the cabin, and if necessary from my bunk; and at the stern was fixed a lamp whose beam was directed on the canvas, so as to make my presence obvious at night and thus lessen risk of collision.

Finally, a very special arrangement, consisting of two symmetrical sails, automatically regulated the rudder when sailing in the Trades with a following wind. The principle, as I only discovered later, is not new, but it was applied on board my boat in quite a new way by the use of stay-sails instead of "pigeon-wings" or spinnakers. Further experience in the course of my recent cruises, in 1934, enabled me to apply the system in winds from any direction, not only following winds. It was under this unusual rig that *Winibelle* crossed the Atlantic from Madeira to

Portugal. The crossing from Madeira to the West Indies was made, as I have said, at good speed and with the minimum of fatigue. My average speed was about a hundred-odd miles a day, almost as much as that of a great long-distance sailing-ship.

In the Trade winds the rolling was sometimes terrible, but it never prevented me from attending to my work on board and doing my cooking. To this I paid special attention—a good rule to set oneself. I had a stove suspended Cardan-wise, without which there is no chance of doing any real cooking in a small boat. I used little preserved food, for it is easy to do without it; besides, every night I had a rain of excellent fresh fish, manna from heaven—flying-fish.

But one should not rely on a regular supply of fish for food, any more than on rain for drinking-water, or on chance steamers for anything one may require. I dragged

Martinique, a distance of about 3000 sea miles, without my once having to touch the tiller for twenty-seven consecutive days. At the end of twenty-nine days I cast anchor at Fort-de-France.

a tunny line for 1100 miles without better result than fouling it at night with the log-line (which told me my speed). I tried vainly for days on end to spike with a straightened fish-hook the sharks' pilot-fish which swam in the shade along the hull; I sought long before finding the bait which tempted bonito—a length of red rubber. But in the Tropics the flying-fish fall on deck in abundance. They are silvery fish, the size of sardines, and make a fry of which one does not tire.

For water, five or six pints a day were ample. Failing a frigidaire, it keeps fresh in an earthen cooler or dragged in a bottle over the stern—at least, where the sea itself is not lukewarm. For washing, soap "for sea-water" is to be found in every port, and this allows one to dispense, if need be, with fresh water. . . . Well-cooked bread lasts a fortnight, half the time I took to cross the Atlantic. For the other half I used sea-biscuits, rusks, etc. With flour and eggs (which were stowed in fine salt) I could make bread and pancakes. One day I tossed fifty pancakes, without missing one, in a strong gale of wind. Tea, coffee, sugar, salted butter, sterilised milk, wine, olive oil, apples, rice, smoked ham, dried fish, and a hundred other things keep for a long time, and make it unnecessary for the mariner

to have recourse to the tin-opener, as most people think he does, or else chew tarred ropes.

Sleep could only be taken in short spells. Everyone who has been a sailor is used to taking watch—four hours asleep and four hours awake. It is unpleasant at first. Being alone, I had often to put up with less—two hours, one hour, or, on certain nights of landfall, half an hour of alternate waking and sleeping. I had an alarm clock, but it was quite useless. One soon learns to wake instinctively; and succeeds, too, in staying up fifty hours at a time without suffering too much.

Sometimes the solitude weighs on one at sea, it is so complete: no trace of smoke on the sailing-boats' route, and no bird in the middle of the ocean. Captain Slocum, the first man to sail alone round the world, in about 1900, confessed that a certain anxiety never left him by day or night. One's voice rings hollow in the silence, whether speaking or singing. I read many books, but often could not have said afterwards what was in them. Needless to add, I smoked numberless cigarettes.

At dawn on the twentieth day, between two tropical squalls, I saw the coast I had been waiting for so anxiously standing up quite close like a dark wall. I would willingly have prolonged my stay at Martinique; but the cyclone season had begun and business called me to New York. I reached it in twenty-one days by the direct route, passing the Indies to the east. Désirade being the outermost island, *Winibelle* rounded it with extreme precision. . . . At this time the sudden storms of the Gulf Stream and a cyclone whose centre happily passed by at a little distance severely tested my boat. Nevertheless, I was able to take several films, and even to film myself on board by means of a mechanically operated kinamo. Filming oneself more than a thousand miles from land gives, I

confess, the silliest impression; and in any case it was waste of time, for the film which I brought back, deficient, one might think, neither in light nor in movement, was never "mounted." The French, say the editors, are bored by maritime details. Personally, I think that a calumny.

Having rounded Sandy Hook, I had the good fortune to see in New York harbour a great white sailing-ship which I recognised as the *Tusitala*, the last American clipper at sea. I was able to sail straight up the channel and the Hudson to the pier of the French Transatlantic Company. And so, from the moment when I cast off my moorings at Douarnenez until I tied up at the Transatlantique, I did not once, in any port, need to beg a tow nor ask help of any kind. I used nothing but the gear I carried on board.

Thus I completed my voyage on August 17, after sixty-four days at sea, without the least mishap.



"WINIBELLE II." LEAVING FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, FOR NEW YORK: THE ELEVEN-TON CUTTER IN WHICH MARIN MARIE SAILED ALONE FROM BRITTANY TO THE WEST INDIES AND NEW YORK.



SAILING ALONE FROM MARTINIQUE TO NEW YORK: "WINIBELLE II.," THE ELEVEN-TON CUTTER IN WHICH MARIN MARIE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC SINGLE-HANDED, ROUNDS THE POINT OF DESIRADE ISLAND, OFF GUADELOUPE, WITH NOTHING TO SPARE.



THE PECULIAR RIG, AUTOMATICALLY STEERING THE BOAT, UNDER WHICH "WINIBELLE II." SAILED FROM MADEIRA TO MARTINIQUE WITHOUT A TOUCH ON THE TILLER BEING NEEDED FOR TWENTY-SEVEN CONSECUTIVE DAYS.

These vivid and charming water-colours, the work of the lone sailor, Marin Marie, whose exploits are dealt with on other pages by means of an article and sketches, show the eleven-ton cruising cutter in which his remarkable voyages were made. In the upper illustration "Winibelle II." is seen rounding the outermost island of the West Indies on her way from Martinique to New York.

After rounding this point she bore away for New York, across 1500 miles of open sea. She is sailing under the usual cutter rig of mainsail, jib, and foresail. Below she is seen running before the Trades, between Madeira and Martinique with the rig which automatically steered the boat. In this way she averaged over a hundred miles a day for twenty-nine days.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY MARIN MARIE. (SEE TWO OTHER PAGES IN THIS ISSUE.)

Titian's Genius in its Mature Splendour: An Impulse towards Modernity.

REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.



"DIANA AND ACTAEON": ONE OF THE FAMOUS BRIDGEWATER TITIANS—AN EXAMPLE OF THE GREAT CLASSICAL PICTURES PAINTED BY THE VENETIAN MASTER IN HIS OLD AGE FOR PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

The art of Titian (c. 1477-1576) is of peculiar interest at the moment in view of the great exhibition of his works that was recently opened in Venice. We reproduce here one of the splendid examples of his later period now in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. The celebrated Venetian master was already an old man when he was commissioned by Philip II. of Spain, in 1556, to paint a number of classical subjects, which gave his work a new direction and inspiration. In an article on the development of his genius, Mr. George Martin Richter (writing in "Apollo," by arrangement with whom our colour reproductions were made) says: "In 1554 Titian painted the 'Danaë' and 'Venus and Adonis'; in the following years the two Diana pictures in the Bridgewater Gallery; in 1559 the 'Death of Actaeon,' in the possession of Lord Harewood." Later, referring to the marked change in Titian's style about that time, under the

influence of the younger generation headed by Tintoretto, Mr. Richter continues: "This great change is especially conspicuous in the two Bridgewater pictures. . . . If, however, Titian now becomes somewhat Tintoresque, it certainly is a very mild form of Tintorettism. In the Diana pictures he accepts the new gospel of movement, of diagonals, of light and shade, but the result is very conservative. . . . The two Diana pictures were cleaned in 1932, and we are now in a position to see their original colours." Discussing this classical phase of Titian's old age, the same writer declares: "In this series of late masterpieces Titian rises above his own level, as did the later Rembrandt. He seems to leave his fellow artists of the cinquecento far behind and advances into unknown worlds of coming centuries. . . . There is in Titian's stories of humanity an almost Shakespearean note. Is not 'Diana and Actaeon' an illustration to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'?"

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



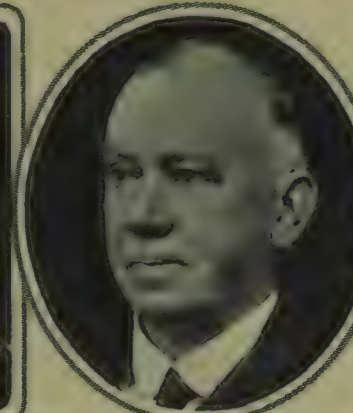
PROFESSOR W. E. SOOTHILL.
Professor of Chinese at Oxford since 1920. Died May 14; aged seventy-four. He first went out to China as a missionary. President, the Imperial University of Shansi, 1907. His writings include a translation of the "Analects" of Confucius, and "China and the West."



MR. T. M. COOPER, K.C.
Appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland in succession to the Rt. Hon. Douglas Jamieson. Recently elected M.P. (Nat. Unionist) for Edinburgh, following the appointment of Mr. W. G. Normand as Lord Justice-General. Had a majority of 5911 over the Labour candidate.



COLONEL M. DRUMMOND.
Colonel the Hon. Maurice Drummond has been appointed Deputy Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. Formerly one of the Assistant Commissioners at Scotland Yard. The appointment was widely considered to foreshadow Colonel Drummond's succession as Commissioner.



PROFESSOR H. H. MACDONALD.
The eminent mathematical physicist who did much to develop the theory of electric waves in relation to wireless telegraphy. Won the Smith's Prize (1891) and Adams Prize (1901) at Cambridge. His published works included "Electric Waves." Died May 17; born 1865.



MR. RICHARD SICKERT, R.A.
Sent a letter, dated May 9, to the President of the Royal Academy resigning his membership of the R.A. on account of its inactivity in the matter of Mr. Epstein's statues on Agar House, Strand—recently acquired by the South Rhodesian Government. (See page 942.)



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF KOMODO DRAGONS: LADY BROUGHTON.

As a member of Lord Moyne's expedition to Komodo Island, described by him on page 928, Lady Broughton took the remarkable photographs reproduced, showing "Komodo dragons" in their native haunts, and methods of trapping them. Obviously her task required great skill, patience, and courage.



A PORTRAIT OF THE KING UNVEILED IN CANADA HOUSE BY THE DUKE OF KENT, WHO IS SEEN BETWEEN MR. LANDER, THE ARTIST (LEFT), AND THE DONOR, MR. T. B. F. DAVIS.

The Duke of Kent unveiled a portrait of the King (by Mr. John St. Helier Lander) in Canada House, Trafalgar Square. The portrait is the gift of Mr. T. B. F. Davis, of Jersey. It is a replica of the picture—also the gift of Mr. Davis—to be unveiled by the Prince of Wales at Victoria College, Jersey. The picture, it will be recalled, was reproduced as the presentation plate in our last Christmas Number.



THE DANISH ROYAL WEDDING: CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK; AND PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN.

It was arranged that the wedding of the Crown Prince of Denmark and Princess Ingrid of Sweden should be solemnised in Stockholm on May 24. Princess Ingrid's mother was the late Princess Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Connaught. Her uncle, Prince Arthur of Connaught, with Princess Arthur of Connaught, and her aunt, Lady Patricia Ramsay, arranged to attend the wedding.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LLOYD'S JUBILEE RECEPTION; WITH MR. S. J. AUBREY, THE CHAIRMAN (LEFT).

The Prince of Wales, Master of the Worshipful Company of Master Mariners, attended the Jubilee reception given by the Chairman and Committee of Lloyd's to representatives of the British Empire on May 15. Over 2000 guests were present, including Ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, Dominion Premiers, High Commissioners, and representatives of the arts, professions, and industries. It was the Prince's first visit to the new building.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS IN ENGLAND: PLAYERS WHO HAVE MET A SUCCESSION OF TEAMS IN THIS COUNTRY.

The South African team have now played a series of matches in England. They met the M.C.C. in their first match at Lord's on May 18. Their first Test Match against England will take place in June. The names of the South Africans seen in our photograph are (back row; l. to r.): A. D. Nourse, E. L. Dalton, A. B. Langton, R. J. Crisp, D. Tomlinson, K. G. Viljoen, R. J. Williams; (seated) A. J. Bell, C. L. Vincent, H. F. Wade (captain), Mr. Snooke (manager), H. B. Cameron, I. J. Siedle, B. Mitchell; and (on ground) X. Balaskas, and E. A. Rowan.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN LONDON AND EDINBURGH:
NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE JUBILEE SEASON.



RECEPTION AND BALL AT GUILDHALL

GIVEN BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING

WEDNESDAY, 22ND MAY, 1935.

L. Collett, N.Y.

August 1, 1935

THE CITY'S INVITATION CARD TO THE GUILDHALL RECEPTION AND BALL: A PICTURE RECALLING THE ORIGINAL SWORD CEREMONY AT THE CITY BOUNDARY.

Their Majesties arranged to attend the City's Jubilee reception and ball at the Guildhall on May 22, and to receive during the evening the Corporation's gift. The large souvenir invitation card, which is coloured, shows the first presentation of the City Sword to the Sovereign (in 1553) at the City boundary, a ceremony repeated, as illustrated in our issue of May 11, when the King went to St. Paul's on Jubilee Day. We shall illustrate the Guildhall function itself next week.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN EDINBURGH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SITTING BESIDE THE LORD PROVOST DURING THE CONFERMENT OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY. The Duke of Kent, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, arrived in Edinburgh with the Duchess of Kent on May 20, to open a week of religious, civic, and social pageantry. The royal visit will be further illustrated in our next week's issue. On May 20, the Duke was made a Freeman of the City. The Lord Provost, Sir William Thomson, is seen speaking on the Duke's left. The Duchess of Kent is on the Duke's right.



THE SECOND ROYAL JUBILEE DRIVE THROUGH LONDON SUBURBS: THEIR MAJESTIES PASSING THE HEADQUARTERS OF A SOCIETY OF WHICH THEY ARE PATRONS.

On May 18 the King and Queen, accompanied by a Captain's escort of the Life Guards, drove through several miles of streets in South-east London and were most enthusiastically greeted by thousands of cheering spectators. At Camberwell Green the Mayors and Mayoresses of seven South London boroughs were presented to their Majesties. Our photograph shows them passing the Kennington Road building of the Waifs and Strays Society, of which their Majesties are patrons.



THE KING AND QUEEN AMONG THE FLOWERS OF SILVER JUBILEE YEAR AT CHELSEA: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SPRING SHOW. The King and Queen paid their customary visit to the Chelsea Flower Show, in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, at a special view on May 21. The Show was open to the public from the 22nd to the 24th. Every effort had been made to ensure a worthy display for Jubilee year, despite difficulties caused by recent cold weather. Behind the Queen in our photograph is Lady Aberconway, wife of Lord Aberconway, President of the Royal Horticultural Society.

THE EMPIRE CELEBRATES THE ROYAL JUBILEE: FLOODLIGHTING AND PAGEANTRY IN FOUR CONTINENTS.



OTTAWA: THE GREAT CROWD THAT GATHERED ON PARLIAMENT HILL IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE IN THE ROYAL SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS LED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



BURMA: A SILVER JUBILEE DAY DISTRIBUTION OF RICE TO BUDDHIST NUNS AT PROME, WHO OFFERED PRAYERS FOR THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

ON this page we illustrate certain of the Empire's celebrations of the King's Silver Jubilee. In Canada the Ottawa ceremony was the focal point. In addition to this, the Canadian radio commission had mapped out a special broadcasting programme, which began with the Ottawa ceremony; while, in the afternoon, the King's broadcast to the whole British Commonwealth was heard distinctly throughout Canada by millions of his subjects. At five o'clock there was a B.B.C. re-broadcast of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. At Malta the celebrations included the

[Continued below on right.]



MALTA: THE BRILLIANT FIREWORK DISPLAY OVER THE ST. ANGELO FORTRESS; WITH H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



CALCUTTA: BOYS DANCING THE BATRACHARI—A RECENTLY REVIVED BENGALI FOLK DANCE.



BOMBAY: A LORRY DISGUISED AS A CAPARISONED ELEPHANT, COMPLETE WITH MAHOUT AND HOWDAH, IN THE MOTOR PARADE.



SOUTH AFRICA: THE CITY HALL OF JOHANNESBURG SPLENDIDLY ILLUMINATED, AND TYPICAL OF THE LOYAL DISPLAYS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

[Continued.] floodlighting of numerous important buildings, particularly the Auberge de Castille (the Army G.H.Q. in Malta), St. John's Cathedral, Medina Cathedral, and the Opera House. The enthusiasm throughout the Indian Empire was remarkable. Newspapers invariably hostile to the Administration, though indicating their dissatisfaction with British political leaders for failing to implement royal promises, all spoke in the highest terms of the King-Emperor and his House. The illuminations in Bombay were on the most ambitious scale. For about a mile along the Island the principal public and private buildings, including the Rajabai clock tower, were brilliantly outlined by electric light. In South Africa a chain of bonfires along the hills was one of the displays arranged by the capital of the Union; while other arrangements included the floodlighting of all Government buildings.

THE HOME FLEET COMES TO THE THAMES FOR THE THIRD TIME IN TWENTY-SIX YEARS: A JUBILEE VISIT.



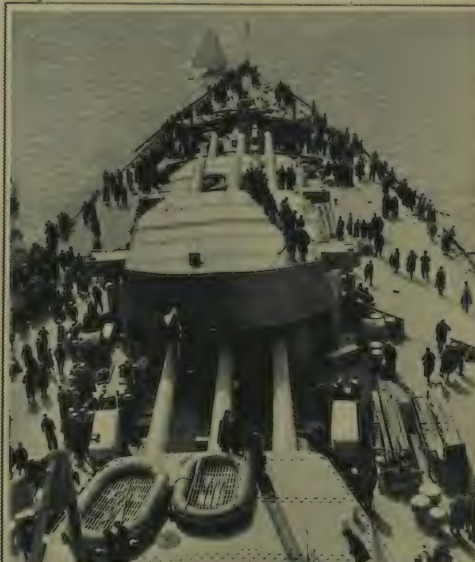
H.M. SUBMARINE "L 21" AT TILBURY, WHERE TWO DESTROYERS, "CRUSADER" AND "CYGNAT," AND TWO SUBMARINES, "L 21" AND "L 53," PAID A JUBILEE VISIT: THE SUBMARINE ENTERING THE DOCK.



H.M.S. "KEMPENFELT" LYING OFF THE TOWER OF LONDON: THE FLOTILLA LEADER NAMED AFTER THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT, HERO OF ONE OF COWPER'S POEMS, WHO DIED IN THE "ROYAL GEORGE" IN 1782.



POWERFUL UNITS OF THE HOME FLEET OFF SOUTHELD: H.M.S. "NELSON," ADMIRAL LORD CORK'S FLAGSHIP, IN THE FOREGROUND; WITH "RODNEY," "VALIANT," AND THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "COURAGEOUS" ASTERN.



H.M.S. "RODNEY" CROWDED WITH VISITORS AS SHE LAY OFF SOUTHELD, OPEN TO THEIR INSPECTION: THE BOWS OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL BATTLESHIPS AFLOAT, WITH THEIR TRIPLE TURRETS OF SIXTEEN-INC. GUNS.

Cadwell?
"Fortune" off Gravesend; the destroyers "Crusader" and "Cygnat," and the submarines "L 21" and "L 53," in Tilbury Dock; the destroyers "Creston" and "Comet" off Swanscombe, Greenhithe; the destroyers "Fearless" and "Forester" at Greenwich pier; and the flotilla leader "Kempenfelt" in the reach between Tower Bridge and London Bridge. The visit began on May 15, when the various ships took up station, and lasted till May 22. The last comparable event was a visit by the Atlantic and Home Fleets which anchored off Southend in July 1919, as part of the peace celebrations. Ten years earlier, in 1909, the Atlantic and Home Fleets paid a similar visit, and that was the last occasion when any of the visiting ships ascended the river itself. The flotilla leader "Kempenfelt," which lay off the Tower of London, was open to visitors on the afternoon of May 19. She takes her name from the Rear-Admiral who, in command of the "Victory," distinguished himself against the French off Ushant in 1781. By bold and skilful tactics he destroyed a French convoy under the eyes of de Guichen, who had a much superior force. In 1782 Kempenfelt went down with the "Royal George" when she sank off Spithead—a disaster commemorated in Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George." At Southend, on the nights of May 18 and May 19, the town and the ships were illuminated.



H.M.S. "HOOD," THE LARGEST AND HEAVIEST WARSHIP AFLOAT, FLYING THE FLAG OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIDNEY BAILEY: THE GREAT BATTLE-CRUISER LYING OFF SOUTHELD, WHERE SHE WAS OPEN TO PUBLIC INSPECTION.



SOUTHELD GREETS THE FLEET: ILLUMINATIONS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE PIER IN HONOUR OF THE VISIT OF THE HOME FLEET; AND, IN THE DISTANCE, THE VISITING WARSHIPS—BATTLESHIPS, AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, AND A BATTLE-CRUISER—SIMILARLY ILLUMINATED.

The visit to the Thames of twenty-two ships of the Home Fleet in celebration of the Silver Jubilee gave pleasure to great numbers of the public who took the opportunity to board and inspect them. The largest ships lay between Southend and Shoeburyness, and special excursions were run there from London by rail and by steamer. Every

fighting type of ship in the Home Fleet was represented. The battleships "Nelson," "Rodney," and "Valiant," the battle-cruiser "Hood," the aircraft-carriers "Courageous" and "Furious," the cruiser "Calio," and the destroyer "Valorous" lay off Southend; the cruisers "Orion," "Leander," and "Neptune," and the destroyers "Fame" and "Creston."

(Continued above.)

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



MOSCOW'S NEW UNDERGROUND: SOME OF THE 372,000 PEOPLE WHO TRAVELLED ON THE TUBE SYSTEM ON THE FIRST DAY OF ITS OPENING TO THE PUBLIC.

Four members of the London Passenger Transport Board's Underground system attended, on May 15, the formal opening to regular traffic of the first section of the Moscow Underground Railway, which is described by "Pravda" as "a mighty agitator for Socialism." Officials and distinguished visitors have for some time been travelling on the new underground, among them Mr. Eden, after whom (it was rumoured in Moscow) one station is to be named.



EPSTEIN STATUES WHICH HAVE CAUSED DISSENTION: FIGURES ON THE AGAR STREET SIDE OF THE FORMER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION BUILDING IN THE STRAND.

The British Medical Association building in the Strand, which includes the eighteen statues made for it by Mr. Epstein in 1908, has recently been bought by the Government of Southern Rhodesia, who consider the figures "unsuitable" and may remove them. A number of artists appealed for their preservation as being architecturally an integral part of the building. Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy, was asked by the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum to support this appeal; but he declined, since it was impossible to keep his personal attitude distinct from his official position. The question of the appeal had not been put to the President and Council of the Academy.



THE COLDEST MAY WEATHER FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS: A WINTRY SCENE NEAR BARNSTAPLE, DEVON, WHERE CONDITIONS WERE EXCEPTIONALLY SEVERE.

The week ending May 18 brought to the British Isles, from Cornwall to Glasgow, some of the severest weather ever recorded in May. At Greenwich the temperature dropped to 28 degrees, the coldest May figure since before 1841. The frost did thousands of pounds' worth of damage to fruit and vegetable crops all over the country. From many districts came distressing reports that strawberry, cherry, plum, apple, and potato crops were ruined. A blizzard stopped play in



SNOW LYING DEEP ON DARTMOOR IN MID-MAY: MOORLAND PONIES SEEKING SHELTER FROM THE UNSEASONABLE SNOWSTORM.

the Dunlop-Southport golf tournament on May 17, and the Women's Welsh Golf Championship at Tenby had to be declared void. Racing at Haydock Park was abandoned because of snow; and two railway engines were derailed by snow in Yorkshire. In Devonshire, where our photographs were taken, road transport was held up and chains had to be used by motorists in the Dartmoor and North Devon districts. Even the Scilly Isles had a fall of snow.



A HIGHLAND CHIEF'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY: MEMBERS OF THE CLAN MACLEAN ARRIVING AT THE ISLE OF MULL TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO SIR FITZROY.

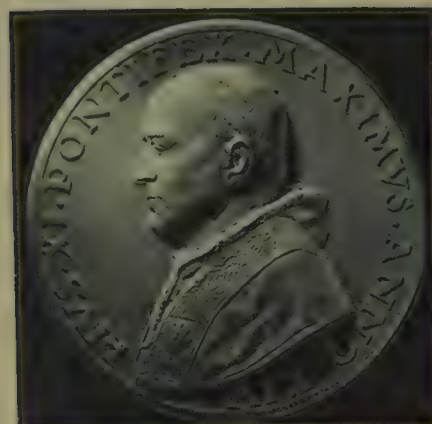
Hundreds of Macleans from many parts of the world gathered at Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, on May 18 to pay homage to the chief of the clan, Sir FitzRoy Donald Maclean of Duart, on the occasion of his hundredth birthday. Sir FitzRoy received a telegram of congratulation from the King. His commission in the 7th Dragoon Guards, when he was seventeen, was signed by the Duke of Wellington, and he is one of the few survivors of the Crimean campaign.



THE JOCKEY CLUB PREMISES AT NEWMARKET VERY SERIOUSLY DAMAGED BY FIRE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE BLAZE, WHICH DID NOT HARM THE CLUB'S NEW BUILDINGS.

A large part of the Jockey Club premises at Newmarket has recently been rebuilt; but some of the old premises, including the billiard room, the kitchen, and the card room, were still in use, and this part was destroyed by fire on May 20. The rooms had been occupied by members of the Jockey Club since the eighteenth century. Willing helpers brought most of the valuable pictures and furniture to safety, and fire brigades saved the Club's new premises.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NOTES ON RECENT NEWS.



THE 1935 PAPAL MEDAL: (ABOVE) REVERSE—HOLBEIN PORTRAITS OF MORE AND FISHER; (BELOW) OBVERSE—POPE PIUS XI.

The canonisation of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher took place in St. Peter's at Rome on May 19. They are the first Englishmen canonised since the Reformation. This year is the 400th anniversary of their martyrdom.



THE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL PILSUDSKI: THE COFFIN, DRAPED IN THE POLISH FLAG, BORNE ON A GUN-CARRIAGE IN PROCESSION THROUGH WARSAW.

After the funeral service for Marshal Pilsudski in St. John's Cathedral at Warsaw on May 17, the coffin, draped in the Polish flag and surmounted by his baton, sword, and service cap, was borne on a gun-carriage in a four-mile procession to the Mokotow aerodrome. Behind it walked his widow and two daughters, followed by President Moscicki and the foreign representatives. At the aerodrome the coffin was placed on the reviewing mound during a march-past of the Polish Army. It was then replaced on the gun-carriage, which was taken by train to Cracow for the last rites and burial next day. Marshal Pilsudski left instructions in his will that his heart was to be taken to Wilna and buried beside his mother.

THE SILVER URN CONTAINING MARSHAL PILSUDSKI'S HEART FOR BURIAL AT WILNA.



FRENCH AND GERMAN DELEGATES AT LUNCH AFTER THE PILSUDSKI FUNERAL: (AT RIGHT TABLE) MARSHAL PÉTAINE AND M. LAVAL; (AT LEFT TABLE) GENERAL GÖRING.

Marshal Pilsudski was buried at Cracow, on May 18, in "The Tomb of the Kings" below the Wawel Cathedral. The coffin had been brought from Warsaw by rail, escorted by an armoured train, and was borne in procession from the station to the Wawel. Among the foreign delegates, Marshal Pétain represented the French Army and M. Pierre Laval (Foreign Minister) the French Government. The British delegation was headed by Lord Cavan, and the German by General Göring.



PREPARING FOR A SIX-SHILLING CROSS-CHANNEL GLIDER FLIGHT: HERR KRONFELD (IN BACKGROUND) ADJUSTING HIS 5-H.P. ENGINE FOR THE TAKE-OFF.

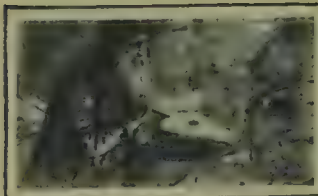
Herr Robert Kronfeld, the Austrian glider pilot, flew from Croydon to Paris on May 16 in his little Drone glider plane fitted with a 5-h.p. motor-cycle engine. This journey of 235 miles took 4 hours 10 minutes and cost him only 6s. in petrol. The weather was bad, and the landing at Le Bourget proved difficult, but was safely accomplished. In our photograph the glider is seen dwarfed by the Imperial Airways liner "Horatius" in the foreground.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST LAND AEROPLANE RECENTLY WRECKED WITH THE LOSS OF 48 LIVES—ALL ITS CREW AND PASSENGERS: THE GREAT £1,100,000 RUSSIAN MONOPLANE, "MAXIM GORKI," WHICH CRASHED NEAR MOSCOW ON BEING STRUCK BY A SMALL AEROPLANE LOOPING THE LOOP AT A HEIGHT OF 2000 FT.

The huge Russian eight-engined monoplane, "Maxim Gorki," crashed near Moscow on May 18, with the loss of all its 48 occupants—crew and passengers, including 8 women and 6 children. According to the official account, the disaster was due to the pilot of a small one-seater escort aeroplane indulging in aerobatics against orders. He came out of a loop at a height of 2000 ft.

and crashed into one of the "Maxim Gorki's" wings. It began to break up in the air, and then nose-dived on to a house in Sokol, a Moscow suburb. There was a public funeral of the victims on May 20. The "Maxim Gorki," built last year at a cost of £1,100,000, had a wing-spread of 200 ft. and a flying weight of 42 tons. It was the biggest land aeroplane in the world.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SNAKE-EELS AND SEA-SNAKES.

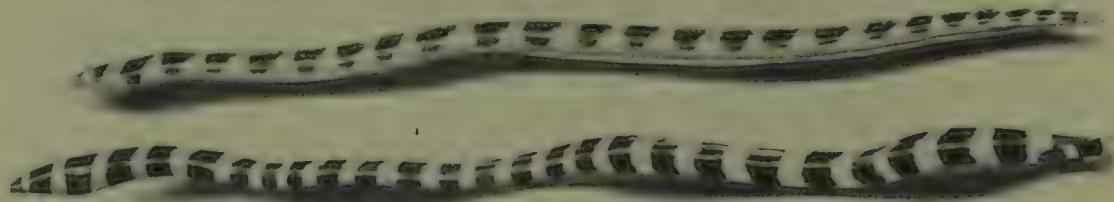
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH it is a little less dangerous nowadays to come into conflict with "authority," it is always prudent with those who covet a quiet life to conform with "public opinion," whether in regard to manners or morals, or the "meaning" of things which, having become settled "convictions," form the bedrock of "authority," commonly backed up by what we call the forces of law and order. The "nonconformists" are "heretics"! Now "heresy" is almost universally regarded as an unpardonable sin. Nevertheless, we owe more than we generally realise to "heretics," if only because they occasionally lead us to examine a little more closely the faith that is in us.

For some time past I have been drifting into heresies in regard to many aspects of the Evolution theory which pass current among the biologists of to-day. For the moment, I want to return to that aspect which we call "environment": for it may be remembered that I have already recently had something to say on this theme. My readers are to note, however, that I do not exclude "environment" as a factor or agency in Evolution, but rather to plead for a more careful analysis of the rather loose way in which this term is used; for it commonly amounts to arguing in a circle, and hence obscures what it is supposed to explain. Indeed, important issues hang on this necessary work of clarification. Let me take the cases of the "eel-snakes" and the

which, in the processes of decline, shows a gradual reduction in the number of the toes from five to four, then three, then two, and finally, in *Chalcides guentheri*, only a tiny, conical stump! In the *Amphisbœnas*—so called because they can crawl either backwards or forwards—all save one species have completely lost their legs. In this exception (*Chiroles*),

ground. When, from occasional "bouts" of swimming after food, after the fashion of our grass-snake, the water became the sole source of food, the ventral scales were no longer subjected to continual stimuli, they no longer absorbed an appreciable amount of the material taken in as food to repair their wasted tissues, and they degenerated in consequence.



TWO POLYNESIAN SNAKE-EELS—*LEIURANUS SEMICINCTUS* (ABOVE) AND *CHLORUSTES COLUBRINUS*: SPECIES BELONGING TO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT GENERA, BUT WITH STRIKINGLY SIMILAR MARKINGS WHICH SERVE AS A MANTLE OF INVISIBILITY AMONG THE HOLES AND CRANNIES OF THE CORAL REEFS WHICH BOTH EELS INHABIT.

short, four-toed fore-limbs remain. This is noteworthy, because in the skinks these are the first to vanish. Finally, we have the curiously snake-like *Cœcilians*, which are really amphibians—that is to say, related to the newts—which are also snake-like in shape and entirely limbless.

Here is enough to go on with. Now let me come to my aquatic species—the sea-snakes and the snake-eels. To find snakes in the sea is surely a little surprising. But surprise is lessened when we remember that our own grass-snake has a fondness for water and swims easily. It is not a great step from the river to the estuary, and from the estuary to the sea. Some would say the snake has displayed the power of adjusting itself to a new "environment"—water. The only obvious changes of structure which have taken place since their marine life began are to be found in the loss of the broad scutes along the belly and the shortening of the tongue.

But cause and effect

If the "environment" brought about the band-like ventral shields along the belly of the snake, how is it that similar shields have not been developed by very different types of lizards and some amphibians which have assumed a snake-like form? The sea-snakes *do*, however, show, I may be told, one feature which may be set down to the "environment," and that is seen in the tail, which is laterally compressed like that of the eel. But this lateral compression is only conspicuous in some species—and these are the most active swimmers. That is to say, the relative degree of flattening is determined by the relative activities of the tail. The fact that use, not environment, is the dominating factor is shown again in the tail-fin of the fishes and the whales. In the former it is vertical—to drive the body forwards; in the cetaceans, horizontal—to drive the body upwards for air and downwards for food. The "environment" of these two types is exactly the same.

What part has the "environment" played in the coloration of these "sea-snakes" and "snake-eels"? Of the many species of the latter, only the two shown here display this pattern of the "football-jersey" type, and only one of the sea-snakes—though the banded sea-snake (*Platurus colubrinus*) makes an approach thereto, but the pigmentation is less intense, while the slender sea-snake (*Hydrophis glacialis*) is of a uniform, dull brownish hue. Indeed, there are several species thus distinguished. All are extremely poisonous; and all are living in the same "environment." But, besides this, how are we to account for the striking likeness between these strangely banded reptiles and their counterparts in the eels? Here we have what is commonly known as a "warning coloration," so far as the snakes are concerned, one which, by making the wearer conspicuous, warns possible enemies to beware of the consequences of an attack; while the eels would be said to furnish examples of "mimicry," enabling them to play the part of lambs in wolves' clothing or of the "bogey-man."

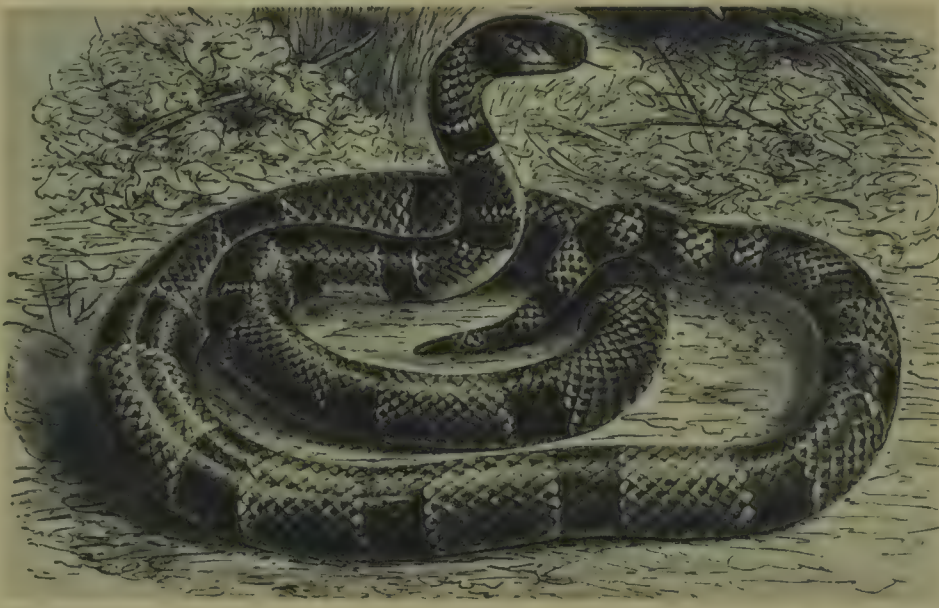


ONE OF THE MANY MARINE SPECIES OF SNAKE WITH A COLOURING CURIOUSLY SIMILAR TO THE SNAKE-EELS ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE: THE BANDED SEA-SNAKE (*PLATURUS COLUBRINUS*), WHICH RANGES FROM THE BAY OF BENGAL AND THE CHINA SEA TO POLYNESIA. The colour of this snake is olive above and yellowish below, with black rings fully equal in width to the light interspaces. Our illustration, which is taken from that admirable work "The Royal Natural History," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Frederick Warne, clearly shows the laterally compressed tail of the snake, an adaptation to swimming. All the sea-snakes are extremely poisonous, more so than the cobra; which is explained by the fact that fish are more resistant than warm-blooded animals to snake venom.

"snake-eels" in this connection. They are so called, as their names imply, from their common likeness in the matter of shape; but in the one case the body is scale-covered; in the other it is not—at any rate visibly so.

Now the snakes are, as everybody knows, limbless reptiles. But they are descendants of ancestors which possessed four legs. To-day the only traces of this condition are to be found in the python, wherein a pair of horny spurs near the vent are the only external evidences of the hind-limbs, though dissection reveals vestiges of the hip girdle. We can get confirmation of this decadence of the limbs in the snakes in what obtains among certain lizards. There are several species, for example, of the family *Pygopodidae*, wherein, externally, no more than vestiges of the hind-limbs appear in the form of a pair of flaps of skin, and dissection reveals within a five-toed limb. Our "blind-worm" or "slow-worm" (*Anguis fragilis*) is another. But herein all trace of limbs is lost. In the lizards known as "skinks," we find a singularly complete series of stages in the loss of the limbs. The fore-limbs are the first to disappear, leaving only vestiges of the shoulder girdle within the body; then the hind-limbs show, in a series of five different species, the decline of the hind-limb,

here, I venture to say, are not due to environment, but to lack of use and disuse. Those ventral scales came into being when, like the skinks I have mentioned, the use of the legs gradually fell into abeyance and degenerated. Meanwhile, the ribs became anchored to the scales along the belly, which, in consequence, changed their form in response to the nature of the stimuli sustained, through their task of driving the weight of the body forwards along the

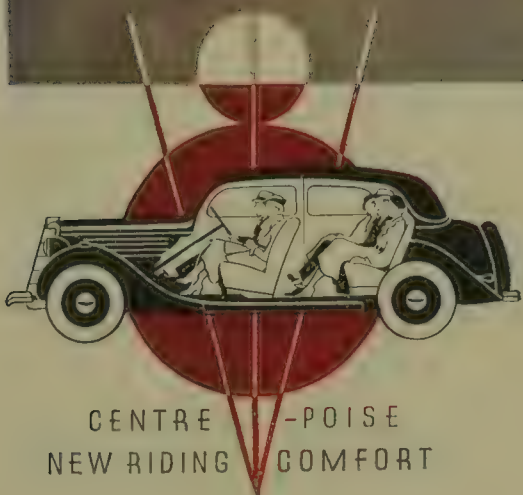


ANOTHER SPECIES OF SNAKE REMARKABLE FOR ITS STRIKING COLOPATION OF BANDS OF RED AND BLACK: THE HIGHLY POISONOUS CORAL-SNAKE OF SOUTH AMERICA; BUT A LAND-DWELLER—IN CONTRAST TO THE OTHER SPECIES ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE.

Reproduced from "The Royal Natural History," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Frederick Warne.



NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (Double-Entrance), £240. Nine Body-Styles, from £210. Six Colour-Schemes, Every One in Faultless Taste, Whether or Not it is Your Choice.



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MORE DEFINITELY THAN EVER, "THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"

The Burmese Scene: A Colourful Land and Its People.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY CAPTAIN T. REGINALD LIVESEY, F.R.G.S., M.B.O.U.



BURMESE PAGODAS, WITH SPIRIT-POSTS, GLEAMING THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING MIST IN THE SHAN STATES: SHRINES SUCH AS EVERY WELL-TO-DO BURMAN HOPES TO ERECT, THAT BEING A SURE WAY OF ACQUIRING RELIGIOUS MERIT FOR HIS NEXT REINCARNATION.



A YOUNG GIRL CARRYING WATER IN A LARGE BAMBOO—A PLANT WHICH IS PUT TO AN ALMOST INFINITE NUMBER OF USES IN THE EAST, WHERE MORE THAN TWENTY DIFFERENT SPECIES FLOURISH.

On this page we give further examples of water-colours by Captain T. Reginald Livesey, whose work in vividly illustrating the varied peoples of Burma is already familiar to our readers. The Burmese pagodas are typical and peculiar features of a land whose people is deeply religious, being actuated constantly by the desire to acquire merit for the next reincarnation. This applies, at least, to the Burmans themselves, who form the greater part of the population of the country. There are, however, important minorities, such as the Karens, a hill people originally Animists



A HANDSOME RED KAREN GIRL: A MEMBER OF A WIDELY SCATTERED GROUP OF HILL TRIBES WHICH TOGETHER FORM AN IMPORTANT UNIT IN THE VARIED RACE GROUPS OF BURMA.

and now largely Christianised. The Karens are divided into the White Karens and the Red Karens. Of the latter we read, in Sir J. George Scott's "Burma and Beyond": "The men are small, but very wiry, and often not a little wizened. They have broad reddish-brown faces and very long heads. . . . It used to be the regular custom for the men to have the rising sun tattooed in bright vermillion on their backs with the rays reaching up to the shoulders, but this has been given up, as Burmans have given up the waist-to-knee tattooing which used to distinguish them."

THE MOST ROMANTIC FIGURE OF THE WAR: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

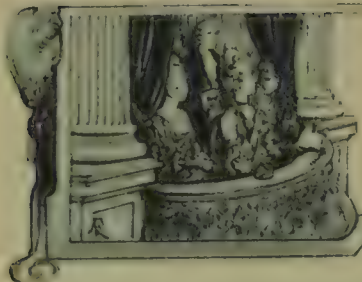
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HOWARD COSTER.



AN "ARCHÆOLOGIST-PHILOSOPHER" (IN LORD ALLENBY'S WORDS) AND "A BRILLIANT TACTICIAN, WITH A GENIUS FOR LEADERSHIP":
THE LATE COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE (T. E. SHAW), THE MOVING SPIRIT OF THE ARAB REVOLT DURING THE WAR.

Lawrence of Arabia, the most romantic and legendary figure of the Great War, who had faced and escaped a hundred deaths during his amazing career as leader of the Arab Revolt, died at last, on May 19, from the effects of a motor-cycling accident in a Dorset lane. He was born in Wales, near Snowdon, in 1888. As an Oxford undergraduate, he wandered through many countries of the Near East, assimilating the Arab spirit and speech, and for a time he did archæological work at Carchemish. Meanwhile he had deeply studied military history and technique. Thus he was drawn into the war fully equipped for his destined task. Afterwards

he was awarded a research fellowship at All Souls, and published his famous book, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." In 1921, as Political Adviser on the Middle East at the Colonial Office, he inspired the foundation of Arab kingdoms in Iraq and Transjordan. A year later he enlisted in the ranks of the Air Force, afterwards transferring to the Tank Corps, and formally adopting the name of Shaw. In 1925 he returned to the R.A.F., as an aircraftman, and left it only a few weeks ago to retire to his Dorset cottage in the village of Moreton. In a tribute to his memory, Lord Allenby calls him "the mainspring of the Arab movement."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



GLAMOROUS NIGHTS.

GLAMOROUS nights they are, these festive Jubilee times in London's gay city. And just as in the streets the joyful crowds find pleasure in these festal scenes,

of politics—and Mr. Lyn Harding knows how to give these their thrills—travel from gypsy realms to palace, with melodious song and comedy to add vibration to the journey, and stage a shipwreck in the grand old style, and

he overcomes his own deficiencies, undermines our disbelief, and persuades us of the Prince's authenticity. His comedy is admirable, and always he contributes handsomely to the play. So, too, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who epitomises the Parisian scene; while Mr. Evelyn Roberts etches in a lively and amusing relief, and Mr. Francis Sullivan is brilliant as the Soviet Commissar. But still, there is glamour amid the levities and the tensities; and Miss Eugénie Leontovich as the roguish Archduchess is so fascinating, so winsome, so quick in moods, so childlike and yet so capable of cruelty, that she enchants us. It is her performance that knits this skein of many diverse strands into a pattern of delight.

History in all these plays has been the spoil which authors have plundered for its atmosphere, its incident, and its setting. Wastepaper-basket history if you will, for what does it matter how we fantasticize, whether we go to eighteenth-century Vienna, nineteenth-century Paris, fabricate a Balkan kingdom, or wander amid post-war exiles holding on to the Czarist fortune, so long as the tale is acceptable and the entertainment is good? At the Strand all history is poured on to the stage, and, sprawling there in a wild confusion, twisted into comic events, knuckled into jocular speeches, travestied into absurd extravaganzas, with Mr. Naughton Wayne to compère, there is nothing to do but laugh. Laugh—the sourest academic historian, horrified at the flippancy of it all, could not resist the four Georges with their folk-song. There is no room for solemnities in a parody that spills crowns and gathers jewels of nonsense to tricky tunes and witty settings. The joke is good, and, unlike most jokes, it can be enjoyed again and



THE NOVELTY OF THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: A PICTURESQUE SCENE FROM ROSSINI'S "L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI"—AFTER THE SHIPWRECK WHICH SETS THE HEROINE ASHORE IN THE VERY COUNTRY IN WHICH HER LOVER IS IMPRISONED.

The story of "L'Italiana in Algeri"—centring round an Italian lady who, in company with Taddeo, an ineffective admirer, sets forth to rescue her lover, and then, fortunately wrecked on the shores of the very country in which he is held prisoner, makes a fool of both Taddeo and the Bey Mustafa—is, of course, frank farce. Conchita Supervia sang Isabella; Nino Ederle, Lindoro (the lover); and Vincenzo Bettoni, Mustafa. "L'Italiana in Algeri" has not been produced in this country for many years.

so, too, the theatre opens wide its doors and offers its glittering prizes. At the Coliseum we stride into the pageantry and the fantasies of old Vienna that only musical comedy can devise. All the picturesque opportunities of the eighteenth century centre round Miss Lea Seidl as Marie Theresa, and if the romance lacks some of the salt of humour, it has a compensating tunefulness to brighten its way through the entertainment. This "Dancing City" is mostly for the eye, however, and for those who ask only for these delights here they will find them lavishly displayed. It is the distinction of "The Flying Trapeze," at the Alhambra, that the show adds still more, for here there is a vitality, a sort of *élan* which gives to pageantry its spirit. That vivacity and bubbling effervescence which is so characteristic of the jostling crowd in its great good humour, gives this lively gala of circus life just that quality which earned and deserved its enthusiastic reception. Everything on the stage contributes. There is Mr. Jack Buchanan to sport the gallantries of the hero, and Miss Ivy St. Helier to bring the sparkle of her individuality to the dashing rôle of a circus proprietor. There are clowns who are funny, because the comic sketches afford them scope, and, with Mr. Fred Emney to preside over the court of farce, laughter is loud and hearty. Then with Miss June Clyde to please as the heroine, and Miss Pearl Argyle to delight as the *première danseuse*, while remarkable acrobats and Gudzwow's *haute école* establish the background of circus, we have a stage continuously alive. Yet there is nothing of medley, no sense of turns pitched in to span a space without relevance to the show as a whole. Behind the glitter and the fun is the form which holds all together, and which, together, Professor Ernst Stern and Herr Erik Charell have shaped to such purpose that colour and song, dance and performance, romance and fun, tale and setting, blend in a unity. A feast here for both eye and ear, a banquet of glittering trifles, some lovely, some breathless in their excitements, some ridiculously amusing, displayed with judgment and offered with zest. Of course, we accept and enjoy it all.

Then Drury Lane invites and Ruritania takes the stage in a "Glamorous Night." This is indeed in the true tradition, and Mr. Ivor Novello has scored not only the words and music and the whole romantic invention, but the bull's-eye of success. All that spectacle could demand is spread here, captivating our fancy by the very boldness of the adventure. Here is not to reason why. Here's but to watch and cry "Bravo!" for showmanship that can catch the mood of the hour so effectively. To set out the plot in cold outline would be to strip the show of everything that makes it, for what is plot but a thread to tie it up with? Mr. Novello knows what a kick there is in melodrama, and he knows, too, what a thrill there is in a first-rate scene. He is not concerned with probabilities and makes no attempt to persuade our reason. There are assaults from the scene-shifters at his command to support his theatrical aggressiveness. There are gypsies on the stage, and who can withstand their challenging manoeuvres? Revelry banishes ratiocination. Add a royal mistress with a presence and a voice, wooing a brave young Englishman—and remember how Miss Mary Ellis can bring splendour and conviction and Mr. Novello the fervour of wholehearted belief—spice the true love with the perils

surely such an avalanche of opulence and humour, of music and melodrama, of performance and production, must fill our evening with glamour. There is Jubilee at "the Lane," and who goes there will experience the exhilaration of its gallant spirit.

But if we remember that romance is like orange-blossoms and that reality waits to be discovered, if our mood turns amid the gaieties to sterner things, we shall find their texture woven subtly and cunningly by M. Deval in "Tovarich," at the Lyric. This is romance too, but the glamour is pierced with the arrows of pain. Here are laughter and pity cheek by jowl, farce and fact in disconcerting conjunction. It is a tale of Russia in exile, of a quixotic Prince who must clean shoes and an Archduchess at the kitchen-sink. And here let me raise my hat to Sir Cedric Hardwicke, not that this is his best performance, but such is his wonderful range and his courage to venture, that by skilful intellectual means



"GLAMOROUS NIGHT," AT DRURY LANE: A SPECTACULAR SCENE IN THE TRUE DRURY LANE TRADITION—THE S.S. "SILVER STAR" IS SHIPWRECKED.

"Glamorous Night" is the spectacular musical piece devised, composed, and written by Ivor Novello, who plays the lead. It is in the true Drury Lane tradition, with everything on the most ambitious scale. Militza (Mary Ellis), the gypsy favourite of the King of Krasnia, falls in love with the young English inventor (Ivor Novello) who saves the life of the King; but love of country prevails in the end, and she sacrifices her affections and marries the Krasnian monarch.

again. For three hours it briskly explodes, sometimes with a firework of gay sparks, sometimes with a brilliant rocket of irresistible absurdity. Mr. Hugh E. Wright is in his element, and that is guarantee enough for his whimsical art and a constant match to the dry powder of fun. Mr. Charles Heslop is a stalwart aider and abetter in this conspiracy of clowning and is at his peak as Colonel Bygadsby, while Miss Clarice Hardwicke doffs and dons through the ages as a queen of burlesque; and to say we enjoyed her performance is only to say we enjoyed "1066 and All That" so much that in the Jubilee spirit of hearty glee we bid you go and enjoy it also. There is a glamour that belongs to an evening in a theatre where we have laughed loudly and long. Here romance stands on its head and history rides a cock horse, but it does it in such excellent temper and infectious high spirits that I chuckle as I remember its witty refrains, its comic caricatures, and its sublimely glamorous and ridiculous nonsense.



ANOTHER AMBITIOUS SCENE FROM "GLAMOROUS NIGHT," AT DRURY LANE: THE GYPSY WEDDING BETWEEN MILITZA AND HER ENGLISH LOVER; WHEN THEY MINGLE BLOOD FROM THEIR ARMS.

THE TOWER OF LONDON PAGEANT—FOR THE BETTERMENT OF TOWER HILL.



MAY DAY REVELS IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, BEFORE A SETTING BUILT AGAINST THE BATTLEMENTS IN THE WESTERN MOAT OF THE TOWER: AN EPISODE IN THE GREAT HISTORICAL PAGEANT WHICH REPRODUCES EVENTS IN THE CITY'S HISTORY FROM 1140 TO 1935.



CRICKET IN THE STYLE OF 1739: A MATCH BETWEEN THE LONDONERS AND THE GENTLEMEN OF KENT—WITH A WICKET LIKE A MINIATURE GOAL-POST AND A CURVED BAT.



THE EXECUTION OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD: A REPRODUCTION OF THE TRAGIC SCENE OF JANUARY 10, 1645, WHEN LAUD WAS BEHEADED ON A SCAFFOLD ON TOWER HILL.

The Tower of London Pageant and Tattoo—the first held in that historic place—begins to-day, May 25, and is to continue until June 8. In our issue of April 20 we gave (under a double-page picture of the Tower reproduced in colours) an outline of some of the striking episodes presented, and we illustrate certain of them here with photographs taken at rehearsals. The producers have a rich fund of history to draw upon. The Great Fire of London is staged in a spectacular way—as are

Henry V.'s victorious return from Agincourt and a scene of Elizabethan May Day revels. A battalion of regular troops has been lent by the War Office, and about two thousand other performers (all amateurs) are taking part. Mr. John Drinkwater wrote the dialogue and Dr. Malcolm Sargent arranged the period music. The pageant is being staged to raise funds for the clearing of slums and the making of a park on the slopes of Tower Hill. It is hoped that over 100,000 people will visit it.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN EXHIBITION OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IT is a remarkable fact that, when Burlington House was filled on three separate occasions by Flemish, Dutch, and Italian pictures, the rooms devoted to paintings of the nineteenth century were almost deserted: one had not the slightest difficulty in wandering about at will—indeed, the feeling of loneliness was embarrassing. It was a positive relief to return to the galleries in which were hung the works of the more distant past, not only because these pictures had intrinsic quality, but also because they so obviously stirred the emotions of the great crowd which had come to see them. The French Exhibition of 1932 produced quite a different reaction in the public. I was curious to see whether people would be frankly bored by Cézanne and Manet and Gauguin and Degas: I had often been informed that a genuine taste for such men was the mark of a dreary highbrow, and I went in fully prepared to find my only competitors for a careful examination of the paintings of these great masters and their contemporaries would be half a dozen of the more distinguished denizens of Bloomsbury. Not a bit of it! The rooms were filled to capacity, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that it was possible to see those pictures which were hung fairly low on the walls. Now, there is such a phenomenon as snobbery in the world of art, as in other walks of life, and you will always meet individuals who enjoy a certain type of picture because they think they ought to; but the enthusiasm which this 1932 exhibition aroused among all sorts and conditions of people cannot possibly be explained in that way. These hundreds and hundreds went to see what French art was like, and found French nineteenth-century pictures much to their taste. I think the intelligentsia was a little shocked: if you are a trifle highbrow, you don't really want Tom, Dick, and Harry to enjoy the same things as you do—you lose that sense of slightly dyspeptic detachment from the jolly, bustling world, and you no longer feel quite so superior when you look into your mirror.

People of my own generation, and, of course, the young men and women of to-day, read with astonishment of the frenzied opposition these daring experimenters had to face in the Paris of the 'seventies and 'eighties and in the London of about the year 1910: to us what they painted is always interesting, sometimes extraordinarily beautiful, occasionally merely dull—qualities and defects which they share with other groups of painters of every age and country. It must have been in 1911 that I first saw a picture by Cézanne, and I remember my surprise at being told that no one but a lunatic could have painted it and no one but a degenerate could admire it: to me it was a gravely delicate piece of architecture in a language which was strange, as well organised as a fine sonnet, as sober as a Bach fugue. What impressed me then, and does now, was not the revolutionary character of Cézanne, but his classic repose; and when

someone said that he built up his pictures mainly by means of colour, rather than by the delicate, exact lines of the academic artist, it seemed not a criticism, but a statement of fact. Look carefully at some Rembrandts and you will see a not dissimilar method.

This quality, which for want of a better word we call rather vaguely "classic," seems to me to be obvious in the works of all these painters, and I venture to draw attention to it here, because one still meets people who, whether they praise or blame, speak of this nineteenth-century French art as if it were something entirely new in the world, with no roots in the past. In one sense, of course, it was a

they destroyed nothing, but built upon the sure foundations left by their predecessors. Degas spent hours in the Louvre copying the great Italians, and it was Cézanne who said: "What's wanted is to do Poussin over again from nature." Nothing can be more strange in the strange history of taste than the continuous refusal of the Salon to hang a single one of Cézanne's pictures; nothing more pathetic than the painter's horror when the critics called him a dangerous revolutionary—Cézanne, the most narrowly conservative, the most pathetically respectable, the most thoroughly bourgeois character who ever breathed!

The current exhibition, boldly entitled "Nineteenth-Century Masterpieces," at the gallery of Wildenstein and Co., at 11, Carlos Place, is one not to be missed by those who have long realised that painting in France did not waste away in the desert of banality during and after the Second Empire, but that it gave to the world, if not an entirely new vision, an interpretation of life which is vital, powerful, and exciting. The show consists of a series of twenty-nine pictures from Delacroix onwards, and the level of quality which it attains is superb. A rather captious critic may, perhaps, be allowed to lament the omission of a portrait by Ingres, whose linear exactitude and somewhat dry mannerisms would have provided at least a foil to the romanticism of Delacroix and Corot. But it is just to say that the other great men of the period are not only adequately, but nobly, represented.

It is notoriously difficult for the eye of the camera to reproduce the depth and subtlety of pictures built up by the methods indicated above—a fully realised sculptural figure as often as not comes out a mere flat silhouette—but the illustrations on this and the opposite page

provide a not inadequate notion of the range of accomplishment to be seen at this show. I happen to believe the rather odd, and doubtless reprehensible, heresy that a good landscape is, *ipso facto*, a finer and nobler thing than a good portrait, and therefore find it difficult to drag myself away from "La Montagne Sainte-Victoire" (Fig. 1), while admitting the gravity and force of the double portrait of Zola and Alexis (Fig. 2)—a composition as simple and sincere as a Chinese painting, though far more "plastic." Manet is represented by "The Woman with the Umbrella"; Monet by a landscape I last saw a year ago, and still find the most delicious of his works—"The Seine at Vetheuil"; the strange, wayward, and tortured Van Gogh by "The Three Wheat Sheaves," in which, beneath a limitless sky, light, sun, air, movement, and the warm fecundity of harvest are not so much suggested as burnt into one's consciousness. Of the four canvases by Gauguin, one is a major, and a famous, picture exhibited on numerous occasions, and last seen by the public in 1932 at the French Exhibition at Burlington House.

The illustrated catalogue, in itself a remarkable epitome of the art of the period, is introduced by an enthusiastic foreword from the pen of Mr. J. B. Manson, the Director of the Tate Gallery, and a graceful little acknowledgment by Lord Ivor Churchill, as Hon. Secretary of the Contemporary Art Society, of the decision of the firm to devote the proceeds of the sale of this catalogue (5s.) to the society's funds.



1. A MONUMENTAL CÉZANNE IN THE "NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES" EXHIBITION IN LONDON: "LA MONTAGNE SAINTE-VICTOIRE."

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Wildenstein, 11, Carlos Place, W.1.



2. "PORTRAIT OF EMILE ZOLA AND PAUL ALEXIS" (ZOLA ON THE RIGHT): A CÉZANNE OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE, PAINTED ABOUT 1869-70—TO BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION OF "NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES."

fresh departure; it set itself new problems and solved them in a different way. (So did Titian and Raphael and Velasquez, and, indeed, every artist of genuine originality.) But, speaking broadly, this group of distinguished Frenchmen carried on a great tradition:

NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES: A GREAT EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART IN LONDON.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN.



"THE SEINE AT VETHEUIL: L'ÎLE SAINT-MICHEL"—BY MONET. (1840-1926.)



"THREE WHEAT SHEAVES"—BY VAN GOGH. (1853-1890.)



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME CAILLEBOTTE"—BY RENOIR. (1841-1920.)



"HARLEQUIN"—BY CÉZANNE. (1839-1906.)



"THE WOMAN WITH THE UMBRELLA"—BY MANET. (1832-1883.)



"LE FOYER DE LA DANSE À L'OPÉRA."—BY DEGAS. (1834-1917.)



"THREE TAHITIANS"—BY GAUGUIN. (1848-1903.)

Messrs. Wildenstein's exhibition of "Nineteenth-Century Masterpieces," at 11, Carlos Place, is an event of the foremost importance; and the superb quality of the pictures in it receives a worthy tribute in the descriptive article on the opposite page. A few notes on the pictures reproduced here may be of interest. The Monet depicts what is said to be one of the artist's favourite scenes. He painted it also in winter. The colour in this case is quiet and limpid; the impression of the whole tranquil scene is achieved in a masterly way that is at once subtle and direct. The sky of the Van Gogh is a typically uncompromising blue; the foreground on which the three sheaves stand is a dull, slaty

purple, broken by the yellow straw of the stubble; the shadow on the right being rendered by bold blocks of purple and red. Cézanne's "Harlequin" is dressed in red and black, and steps down from a blue-grey background. His wand is white and his belt is orange. Manet's "Woman with the Umbrella" is wearing a black bonnet, with her hair in a black fringe; and, behind, the umbrella forms an indistinct blue-grey background. In Gauguin's "Three Tahitians," the girl on the left is wearing a bright red dress and holding an apple of almost arsenic-green. The sky at the back is green, dull yellow, and dull mauve. This famous picture, it will be recalled, figured in the French Exhibition at Burlington House.

PARIS STAGES AN AIR RAID: THE DRAMATIC SIDE OF GAS DRILL.



PASSIVE DEFENCE AGAINST AIR ATTACK PRACTISED ON AN EXTENSIVE SCALE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PARIS: VICTIMS OF A BURST "BOMB" LYING IN THE STREET, WATCHED BY AN INTERESTED CROWD.



FIRST-AID MEN, WITH COMPLETE ANTI-GAS EQUIPMENT, LOADING STRETCHERS WITH MEN REPRESENTING WOUNDED CIVILIANS, BEFORE TAKING THEM BY AMBULANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND DRESSING-STATION.



GAS-MASKED FIREMEN DRIVING TO THE SPOT WHERE THE ALARM WAS GIVEN: MUNICIPAL WORKERS WHO CO-OPERATED IN THE PARIS EXERCISES.



RIDING BICYCLES FOR VENTILATION! A PEDAL-OPERATED DEVICE FOR PROVIDING A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER WITH LIGHT AND AIR.



HOSES OPERATED BY GAS-MASKED FIREMEN BEING USED TO QUENCH THE FLAMES OF "BOMB" EXPLOSIONS IN A PARIS STREET.



RED CROSS AEROPLANES JOIN IN THE PASSIVE DEFENCE MANŒUVRES: GAS-MASKED NURSES AT A PARIS AERODROME CARRYING OFF A Gassed CIVILIAN IN A SPECIALLY EQUIPPED MACHINE.



IN THE UNDERGROUND DRESSING-STATION AT THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR AIR RAID WORK: EXPERT AID BEING RENDERED TO A VICTIM WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN Gassed.

On May 14 Paris followed the example recently set by Berlin, Vienna, Naples, and other Continental cities by carrying out elaborate and dramatic air raid drill. They were the first extensive exercises in passive defence against air attack ever held in Paris. The morning was devoted to a test mobilisation of firemen, anti-gas squads, and first-aid units in the Odéon quarter of the city (near the Luxembourg). The exercises centred on the School of Medicine of the University of Paris, where a model emergency dressing-station had been installed in the basement. At 10 a.m. the wailing of sirens on the south bank of the Seine

proclaimed a "state of alertness," and an area round the School of Medicine was closed to ordinary traffic. Firemen and plain-clothes police gave the alarm by smashing fire alarms and igniting Bengal lights to simulate bomb explosions; then played the part of wounded civilians. Fire engines, ambulances, and gas-squad cars rushed into action, and victims were taken to the dressing-station. The drill lasted for three-quarters of an hour, and was resumed the following night with a further test of the alarm sirens and with the extinguishing of lights in an area on the left bank. This was observed from the air.

EVEN EASIER THAN TAKING SNAPS— making movies with a Ciné-Kodak

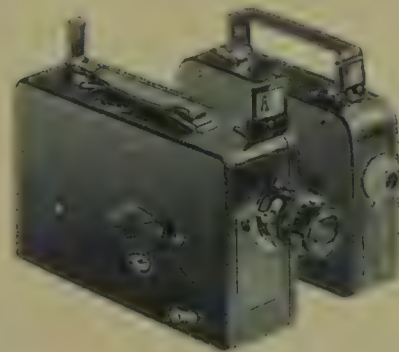


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Ciné-Kodak

TRAPPING KOMODO DRAGONS.

(Continued from Page 928.)

To achieve her results she had to exercise great patience and be very carefully concealed, as the dragons' sight is extremely keen. In the valley where we watched them the wind was continually changing, and they used to pick up our scent very quickly even when they had their heads to leeward of the overpowering stench of the carrion. One day, while watching the bait for six hours, I counted more than twenty separate visits. Except, however, in the case of one or two dragons who were shedding their skins and thus had marks to identify them, it was impossible to judge how many of the visitors came more than once. One baby dragon, whom we recognised by his moulting skin, had an insatiable appetite. Though he ran away at the first approach of the big ones, he used always to come back. One day when Lady Broughton was alone a baby came through the covering hedge of branches and sat six feet away looking at her.

We had no opportunity of seeing the dragons killing or eating their natural food. Our only evidence as to their ordinary diet was obtained when one dragon, who had been caught in the trap, in his excitement vomited first the chunks of rotten meat which he had swallowed and then a large unbroken turtle's egg. Wild pigs and deer are very plentiful on Komodo, and we had no reason to doubt the report that the dragons catch the small ones. We found, however, tracks of dragons on a very small off-lying island where there were certainly no pigs or deer. It is, of course, possible that the dragons swim to and from the smaller island, but the number of tracks along the beaches suggests that they may go down to feed on the innumerable crabs and molluscs. As one of our Dutch friends twice saw a small dragon climb a tree and lie on a branch, it is possible that they may not be limited to eating the eggs of those birds only which nest on the ground.

It was difficult to form any accurate opinion as to the size of the dragons. By putting pegs in the ground near the bait, we got a rough standard to help us, but it was impossible to form an exact judgment of the length of these reptiles, as they have a way of standing up on their fore-legs and also walk with their tails rolling from side to side. They also often moved

with their tails carried off the ground, the tapering ends curled upwards. Although we were only able to secure dragons of moderate size, we certainly saw some up to 12 ft. in length. It was, however, impossible even to measure those which we caught, as we did not wish to handle them, and when lying in their crates they coil their tails up like a rope, often laying their heads with their necks turned at two sharp right angles from the shoulders.

The natives would not go near the haunts of the dragons after dark, but, as our experience seemed to prove that they would at that time be in their lairs, they were perhaps afraid of the crocodiles which may wander some way inland from the sea. Even in daylight the natives seemed very frightened of the dragons, but we saw no signs of any ferocity until they were caught in the trap. Fearing that the dragons might wound themselves if imprisoned in wire netting, we put them in strong crates with bevelled slats on one face. Unfortunately, our carpenter sought to lighten the lids by inserting a panel of wire-netting. One of the captive dragons, when the ship was some days out on the homeward journey, burst its way through the netting, and as no trace of it was ever found on the ship, presumably jumped overboard. We were therefore only able to deliver to the Zoo two dragons out of the three with which we had left Komodo.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A DIVA AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE eagerly awaited revival of Rossini's early comic opera, "L'Italiana in Algeri," proved to be a triumph for the prima donna, Conchita Supervia, whose performance as the ravishing Italian, Isabella, who fascinates Mustafa, the Bey of Algeria, was incomparable. It must be confessed that, musically, this opera of Rossini does not amount to very much; it is not anything like as interesting from that point of view as "La Cenerentola," and this was something of a disappointment to those who admire Italian opera in general, and Rossini in particular. Even the overture is inferior to that of "La Cenerentola." On the other hand, the libretto is comic, not to say farcical, and Rossini carries the story along with

extraordinary gusto, and bustles the characters from scene to scene with astonishing liveliness. The opera also has the advantage of a gay and brilliant setting specially designed for this occasion by Gabriel Volkoff, and this was obviously much to the taste of the crowded audience. The public at Covent Garden, thanks to the careful shepherding and coaxing of Sir Thomas Beecham, seems at last to have learned that it must not regard Rossini's comic operas with the taciturn solemnity it reserves for Wagner. Laughter was plentiful, and, having acquired the proper approach, the enthusiasm was great after every scene; in striking contrast to the rather non-committal attitude of the audience on the third night of the season, when "La Cenerentola" was first revived this year.

Also, the opera had the advantage of a splendid cast. Of Conchita Supervia one can only say that her acting was as accomplished and as charming as her singing. In her we have the true natural prima donna, whose innate tact is so exquisite that she can do nothing wrong. She had the audacity to appear with a little Pomeranian under her arm in her first scene, and the dog, when let on the stage, held by his lead, promptly got entangled while his mistress was in the middle of an aria. Not in the least disconcerted, Conchita Supervia disentangled him and went on singing with unruffled voice. But Conchita Supervia has none of the artificial airs of the false prima donna; everything she does is spontaneous and charming, and there is no doubt that, with her in the principal rôle of the opera, it cannot fail to prove attractive. But she was also well supported by an admirable Taddeo (Carlo Scattola), and a vividly effective tenor (Nino Ederle); while Vincenzo Bettoni, as the ridiculous Mustafa was superbly grotesque. Under Vincenzo Bellezza the whole opera went with the verve and precision we expect from him. I am certain that the enterprise of Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Geoffrey Toye, in presenting us with three Rossini operas (for the production of "Il Barbiere" is still to come) this season, will be rewarded. The public will enjoy a return to the old catholicity of Covent Garden, for there is no doubt that we have been surfeited with German opera during the last twenty-five years. But I also hope that Sir Thomas Beecham will try to find, next year, Italian operas—whether by Rossini or not—of more musical interest than "L'Italiana in Algeri."

W. J. TURNER.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT seems to me that all the present 1935 examples of the British automobile designer have much to recommend them to the public, so that I should



A CAR WITH A SILHOUETTE SUGGESTIVE OF SPEED: THE RILEY 1½-LITRE "KESTREL," ON WHICH PRESELECTAGEAR IS A STANDARD FITTING.

not be surprised to learn next year that the great body of owners of old cars have exchanged these (plus some cash) for the new cars issuing from English factories to-day. At the moment, according to a report issued by the Ministry of Transport, 67·35

per cent. of the present cars on the roads of Great Britain are five years old and over, of which about 12 per cent. are five years old (roughly 146,500 cars), and 32·65 per cent. are more than five years old, being 411,155 cars. Thus there are over half-a-million cars ready to be replaced by new ones. There never was a better time to make the exchange, as prices are low for the 1935 motors, and good allowances are now being given for old cars. The present Singer six-cylinder 16-h.p. saloon, selling with very full equipment at £295, is an excellent example of value for money. It has good acceleration, as one can touch 50 miles an hour well inside 25 sec. from a standing start, and 65 m.p.h. on the open road when let all out.

It has the fashionable sloping front screen and rounded rear quarters to give it a rationalised streamline effect, so is likely to remain up to date for some considerable period. This is important to people who want to keep a family car several years before exchanging for a new one. Also it is comfortable to sit in, whether seated in front or in the back. The latter has the tri-comfort patent seating, in which, when you want to give a third person a lift, the dividing arm is raised and the centre part of the rear-seat squab slides forward, allowing the occupant of this occasional seat to sit slightly in front of the other two rear-seated passengers, and so allows ample space for his or her shoulders without touching anybody else. Independently

sprung front wheels give additional smoothness in travelling at high touring speeds, and the full balloon tyres certainly soften down to nothing the general lumpiness of ordinary roads. Equally effective are the brakes, which are of the Lockheed hydraulic pattern, halting the car in twenty yards at 40 miles an hour, without too great a jerk to worry the passengers. As this 16-h.p. Singer saloon is also fitted with the hydraulic coupling—a feature of this maker's 1935 cars—gear-changing and top-gear crawling is a simple matter.

Hydraulic clutches, hydraulic brakes, and a self-changing gear-box should make the new Lanchester "Light Six" 12-h.p. saloon a popular family car. Anybody can drive it, and nobody can hurt the mechanism, which is absolutely fool-proof. I have always held the opinion that the Daimler fluid flywheel, with which this Lanchester is fitted, is a boon to a family car, as its smooth pick-up counteracts all the variations of throttle-pedal control displayed by different drivers. No two people actually drive any car in

[Continued overleaf.]



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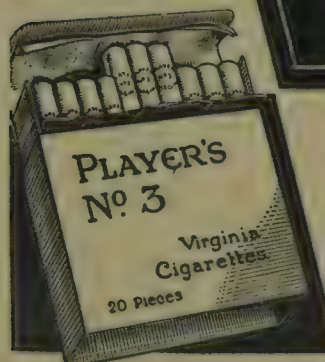
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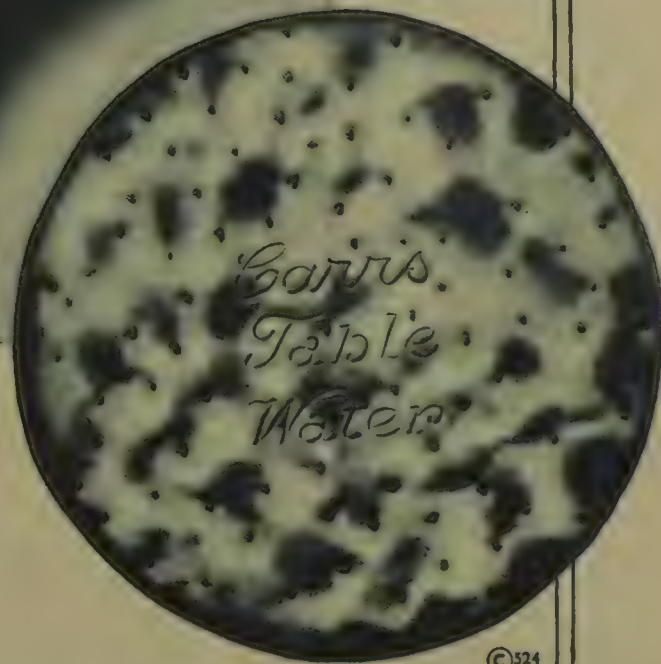
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Continued.]

exactly the same way. We all have our motoring mannerisms, whether we are aware of it or not. Also it is ideal for women, as the engine, once started, ticks over silently, and the fluid flywheel prevents any error of judgment "stalling" the motor. The result is that, when halted on a very steep up-grade, the driver releases the hand-brake and the car at once starts gliding up the hill, without apparent effort, in its first or second speed gear, which has been pre-selected, so there is no fumbling with a gear-lever.

As a "class" car, I consider the 12-h.p. Lanchester saloon cheap at £365, as it has a good fuel consumption—28 miles to the gallon—which is about the same however fast you may drive it all day long. It attains a genuine 60 miles an hour, which is about as fast as one wants now that every tour seems to lead, with very brief open-road intervals, to a restricted 30-m.p.h. limit. It is for that latter reason—speed-limit areas—many owners prefer fluid-flywheel clutches, as they can roll along in towns and traffic on third speed from a 3 miles an hour walk to an acceleration of 30 miles an hour in six seconds. The banishment of the gear-lever gives greater comfort to the front-seat occupants, both when seated and when entering or leaving the carriage. The recessed handles for the doors, well-upholstered cushions, and good visibility for the driver are features to be commended on this car, which, with its powerful brakes and light steering, has a high factor of safety for its users.

As some 15,000,000 copies of the new Highway Code are to be distributed gratis to taxpayers, I advise anybody who has not received a copy to ask for one at his local post office. It is that Government Department which has taken on the job of distributing this important document. Before I make any remarks on such alterations which have been made on the Morrison document which preceded it, I should like to point out to every road user that its provisions are "a gentlemen's agreement." In other words, you must carry out its suggestions because you wish to behave decently and properly when in the street or on the road. There is no compulsion. Thus it is all very well for the Highway Code to lay down the rule that it is the duty of all traffic entering a major road from a minor road to

give way to the traffic on the major road. But pedestrians, horsed vehicles, cyclists, and motorists must do this of their own volition, since, as accidents do not always happen if they violate the rule, no cause to draw attention to their lapse of road manners is furnished. Besides giving way, traffic from a minor road is supposed to halt before actually entering the major road, and a new sign is to be erected at such places, bearing the legend: "Halt at Major Road Ahead." Failure to comply with this instruction constitutes an offence under the Road Traffic Act of 1930 (not under the Highway Code).

Where no special sign exists, the H.C. suggests that drivers should proceed with special care and stop just before entering the main road, unless they have a clear view along it in both directions. And that is the crux of the matter. Only proceed when you can see that it is safe, sign or no sign. The general outcry of using the same signal for stopping, slowing down, or turning to the left has had its due effect on those responsible for drafting the Code, as now it has reverted to "stirring the pudding" sign for a left turn, which has been in common use for many years, leaving the up-and-down motion of the outstretched hand to signify slowing or stopping. But I strongly advise everybody capable of walking, riding, or driving on our roads to read this new edition of the Highway Code. It is easily understood, and the various sections help to clarify the duty of every citizen when using public thoroughfares.

With reference to our recent publication of Mr. William Walcot's decorative scheme for the Silver Jubilee decorations at Selfridge's, in Oxford Street, one of the great sights of the celebrations, we are asked to say that the whole of the practical work in connection with this was carried out by Mr. Albert Miller, the architect, of 131, Wigmore Street, who collaborated with Mr. Walcot.

Few people planning their holidays remember that on the Arctic Circle the sun shines brilliantly in July and August. Sun baths can be enjoyed within sight of the icebergs and the forests and torrents of

northern shores. With the enormous increase in the numbers of devotees of the cruising holiday, there has come a growing demand for itineraries that cover new ground—the Mediterranean is the world's playground now. But there are those who prefer the unusual in scenery and people. To this end, the Norddeutscher Lloyd Shipping Company have made most enterprising plans for the coming season. Included amongst the scheduled trips is one which takes the holiday-maker as far north as Spitzbergen via the Orkneys and Iceland, and back by the shores of Scandinavia, in the course of which over twenty ports will be called at.

Coloured moving pictures may now be taken by the amateur cinematographer on 16-mm. film just as simply as is done with ordinary black and white film. Examples of the new Kodachrome film were demonstrated recently in the Kodak private theatre in Kingsway, London, where coloured motion pictures of seaside scenes with bathers in costumes of many hues, flower gardens, and other appropriate subjects were projected with convincing colour effects. With Kodachrome film, colour-filters for both camera and projector are unnecessary; and coloured moving pictures may be taken in any light suitable for ordinary snapshots. The colouring of the film is produced by what is known as the subtractive process, as distinguished from the additive process. The separation of light into three components is accomplished by coating the film no fewer than five times. The first coating is a strongly red-sensitive emulsion; the second, a layer of gelatine containing dye to act as a filter; the third, a coating of green-sensitive emulsion; the fourth, another separating layer; and the fifth, a blue-sensitive emulsion, which contains a certain amount of yellow dye. The film taken can be shown through the usual 16-mm. projector. Messrs. Kodak state that they hope that Kodachrome film will be available later for cameras in sizes other than 16 mm., and the problem of adapting the invention for taking colour films to show in public cinemas is now being worked out. The invention is the work of Messrs. Mannes and Godowsky, two young musicians with colour photography for their hobby. They joined the staff of the Kodak research laboratories four years ago.



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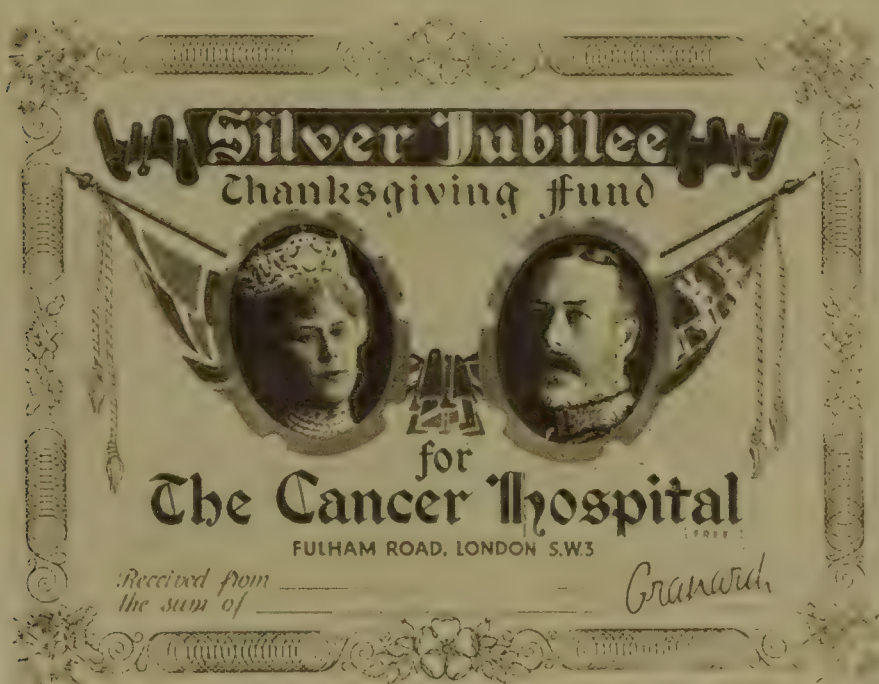
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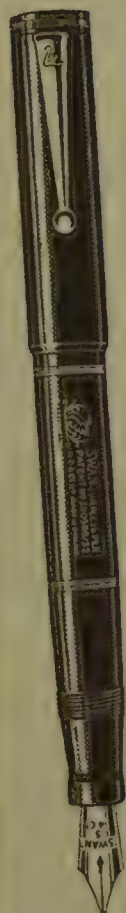
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

FOR those who are fond of lake and mountain scenery, and the combination is one that is extremely fascinating, a summer holiday among the Italian Lakes is a very attractive proposition. With regard to climate, although, undoubtedly, several of the well-known lake resorts with a southern aspect are decidedly warm in the summer-time, there are others, facing the north and east, where cooler conditions prevail; and whatever resort is selected, you will be sure of ideal bathing conditions, in water that is never unduly warm, and you will have the mountains near by, where vigorous exercise, in bracing air, is at your command on the hottest of summer days.

Largest of the lakes of Italy is Lake Garda, with scenery of wild grandeur about the shores of its northern arm, which is deeply set amongst high and rugged mountains, and where the chief resort is Riva; and it is along the western coast of this part of the lake that one has a wonderful view—from the famous roads of Ponale and Tignale, carved out from the very face of the lofty precipices that in places overhang the water's edge. Half-way along the western shore the mountains recede from the lake, which widens out, and here, about the pretty Bay of Salò, is the delightful district known as the Lake Garda Riviera, with the charming little resorts of Gardone, with its fine hotels and lovely promenade, its gardens of orange and lemon trees, its rose-clad pergolas fronting the lake, and its houses gay with the blossom of scarlet geraniums; Salò, almost adjoining it; Fasano; Maderno; and Bogliaco; whilst, across the lake, on its eastern shore, the fine headland of San Vigilio adds to the beauty of the Bay of Garda.

The beauty of Lake Como is exquisite: it has views that are enchanting in their loveliness, and its shape, long and narrow, enables one to see very clearly from side to side, and to enjoy to the full its varied scenery—the wooded hills of its southern shore, by

Como, then, as one proceeds northwards, rocky cliffs, hill-slopes terraced with olive and vine, stately villas, embowered in flowers, shrubs, and trees, little villages, in a setting picturesque almost beyond belief, a tiny isle, fascinating in form and colouring, an imposing headland, and then the distant Alps, snow-clad, their fine peaks standing sharply out against a sky of intense blue.

Astride the nose of the promontory which divides the lake's south-eastern arm, ending at Lecco, is Bellagio, generally acclaimed Como's most lovely resort—with its charming lake front, its narrow cobbled streets, and its magnificent hotels; but beautiful, too, are Cadenabbia and Menaggio, almost side by side; and then there is bright little Tremezzo near by, and Lenno; and in the south, near Como, a very fashionable resort is that of Cernobbio, with its famed Villa d'Este—hotel of the first rank, with country club

providing golf and tennis and bathing, and an amusement programme which includes fêtes on the lake; whilst on the eastern shore are Varenna and Bellano, with a quiet charm of their own.

Maggiore, the longest of the lakes, with a length of forty miles, and the extreme northern end of which,



SALÒ: A PEACEFUL LITTLE LAKESIDE RESORT ON LAKE GARDA, NOT FAR FROM GARDONE.



ON THE LOVELY LAKE OF COMO: TREMEZZO ON THE RIGHT; AND ON THE LEFT, IN THE FOREGROUND, A CORNER OF THE ISLE OF COMACINA.

Photographs by Enil.

including Locarno, lies in Switzerland, has many very charming resorts, of which the best-known is Stresa, on its western shore, south of the Bay of Pallanza, and which has an international reputation, not to be wondered at, when one has sampled the hospitality of its splendid hotels and seen its magnificent view of the Borromean Isles—lovely Isola Bella—with Pallanza beyond, and its wooded slopes, merging into the mountains. A funicular takes one from Stresa to Monte Mottarone, 4891 ft., from the summit of which there is a majestic panorama of the Alps; and Stresa has, too, a fine and well-equipped bathing beach, and a casino, golf and tennis, yachting, motor-boat racing, and horse-racing, to add to its great attractions of situation and scenery. Baveno is a quiet resort near Stresa; Pallanza has a golf course, and is a good centre for mountain excursions; Cannero and Cannobio are pleasant little spots; and near Laveno, on the eastern shore, opposite Pallanza, and over which the Sasso di Ferro rises to a height of nearly 3500 ft., is the Sanctuary of Santa Caterina del Sasso, one of the loveliest places on Lake Maggiore.



Self Portrait

Van Gogh

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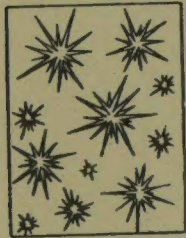
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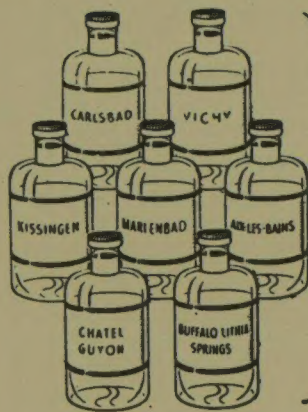


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GERMANY (Continued)

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THERE has never been a busier month of stamp-issuing, and the dealers who cater for collectors of new issues have been working night and day to get all the Jubilee sets despatched to their subscribers. The dealers get the stamps in sheets, and their staffs have to separate them carefully into sets of singles, blocks, etc., without damaging them. There were 56 different sets of 226 stamps in all. One firm handled half a million of the stamps in Jubilee week, and the largest firms had to pipe all hands on deck to deal out these philatelic mementoes of the great event.



AUSTRALIA:
ANZAC COMMEMORATION
STAMP.

to commemorate the landing in Gallipoli. The design is the same for both values, showing the Cenotaph within a frame of laurel, and dated 1915-1935. The Australian Jubilee stamps, which have not yet come to hand, portray the King in the uniform of a Field-Marshal, mounted on his charger Anzac, which was a gift to his Majesty from Australia.

The Universal Exposition at Brussels has been the occasion for a short set of three stamps—10, 25, and 35 centimes—depicting an old-time mail-coach, fully laden, and drawn by four horses. There will be a complementary stamp of 5 francs, bearing a portrait of François de Taxis, the founder of the early postal monopoly of the Counts of Thurn and Taxis, which operated the posts over half of Europe for more than a century. This stamp is due to make its appearance at the important philatelic exhibition which opens in Brussels this month.



MANCHUKUO:
MT. FUJI.

Canada's Jubilee stamps are amongst the most popular of the Empire series, and the 1 cent., picturing the smiling Princess Elizabeth, is in enormous demand. Canada has a new regular issue in preparation for June 1, in which will be introduced some new views, and a "Mountie" on horseback.

France has given a philatelic send-off to her new giant liner, the *Normandie*, on a new 150 franc blue stamp. The design is from a drawing by Albert Seville. Germany issued two stamps on May 1, to celebrate the Young Workers' Athletic Games; the design, by Herr Diebitsch, shows the victor's crown of laurel upheld against the swastika emblem as a background. The values are 6 pfennig green and 12 pfennig scarlet.

Last month I described the stamps Japan issued to celebrate the visit of the Emperor of Manchukuo. The latter has returned the compliment by issuing a set of four Manchukuo stamps in honour of his visit to Japan. Although they have the Manchukuo emblems, they bear typical Japanese themes, Mount Fuji and phoenixes.



NEW ZEALAND: ONE OF THE NEW
PICTORIAL STAMPS.

This year, the tiny Republic of San Marino celebrates the centenary of Melchiorre Delfico, the historian of the Republic, in a finely engraved portrait series. The portrait on a 5 cent. is shown above.

The latest commemorative stamp from the United States is a 3-cents violet, in honour of the tercentenary of Connecticut, and bears a reproduction of the famous "Charter Oak" as its central design.

New Zealand's long-awaited pictorial set was issued in the Dominion on May 1, and is of very diversified interest. I can but summarise the subjects they depict: ½d., fantail; 1d., kiwi; 1½d., Maori maiden cooking; 2d., Maori Whare; 2½d., Mt. Cook; 3d., Maori girl; 4d., Mitre Peak; 5d., sword-fish; 6d., harvesting; 8d., Tuatara; 9d., Maori ornament; 1s., tui; 2s., landing of Captain Cook; 3s., Mt. Egnont.

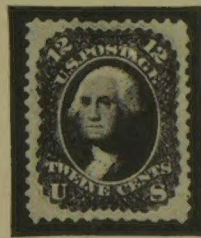
Hungary's issue, to mark the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Prince Francis Rakoczy, a hero of Hungarian independence, proved so popular it was sold out in a few days. The portrait of Rakoczy is after a painting by Adam Manyoki.



SAN MARINO:
THE HISTORIAN
MELCHIORRE
DELFIKO.



HUNGARY: PRINCE
FRANCIS RAKOCZY.



United States, Aug. 1861.
Premiere Gravure, 12c.
unused.

This remarkably rare stamp, estimated to be worth over £500, will be sold in Messrs. H. R. Harmer's Auction on June 17th, 18th and 19th.

Recently discovered on the Continent after having been taken out of Russia by Prince Oldenbourg of Russia in the lapel of his coat when forced to flee from the country during the Revolution, the stamp has now been sent to Messrs H. R. Harmer's for sale by auction.

CALENDAR OF AUCTIONS

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JUNE 3rd and 4th

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JUNE 17th, 18th and 19th

A valuable auction of over 1000 lots, containing the rare United States stamp mentioned above, Cape of Good Hope "Woodblock" error, etc., etc.

JUNE 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th

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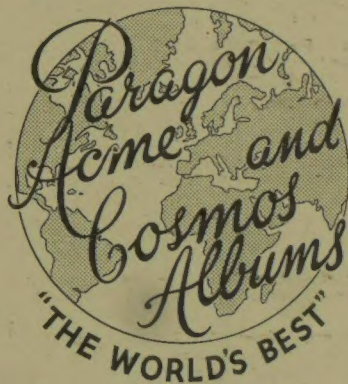
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